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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXVI. No. 695. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919. TWOPENCE.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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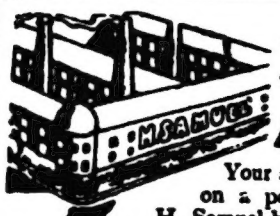

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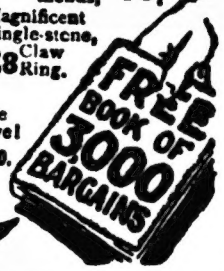

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JOHN BULL

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."
—*Milton.*

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For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best."—*Pope.*

Vol. XXVI. No. 695. Week ending Saturday, September 27th, 1919. Twopence

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"The Premier to Resign."

Last week we prepared the public for the early resignation of Mr. Lloyd George; and here is an extract from his City Temple speech, made on the day of our publication: "Rather than do that, I would throw up my brief to-morrow." What "that" is really doesn't matter.

Germany's Wealth.

So Germany is levying a forced loan of two hundred milliard marks—ten thousand million pounds—upon its subjects. This is just the sum we always urged Mr. Lloyd George to stipulate for by way of indemnity. Well may the *Financial News* say: "We have been had—all Germany is laughing at us"!

A Misprint.

By the way, that reminds us that a Swedish paper, reporting the proceedings on the Treaty Debate, refers to us as having tabled an amendment "expressing regret that definite and binding obligations *had* been imposed upon Germany to make good to Britain her total financial cost of the war." There is much virtue in a "not."

The Balkan Cockpit.

From all we hear, poor little Montenegro, the first of the Balkan States to take up cudgels on behalf of the Allied cause, looks like being wiped off the map. Roumania, too, is in for a bad time. Oh, that Balkan cockpit!

The American Presidency.

So there is to be a new Republican Party, with Senator Hiram Johnson as its candidate for the Presidency. And here are two items in its programme: Opposition to the League of Nations, and an anti-English policy. We don't discern anything new in the second item.

Who Told Him?

According to our contemporary, *The World*, "at the last Buckingham Palace garden party His Majesty spent a good proportion of his time chatting with Bottomley, and the subject of the conversation was *not* unclaimed bank balances." Perhaps our revered brother will tell us what it was?

De Valera.

We beg to ask whether the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has so far made any representation to the United States authorities in regard to the official receptions now being accorded to one Eamoun de Valera, a fugitive from justice, and describing himself as the "President of the Irish Republic"—and if not, why not?

"Demob" the Students.

Will the authorities bear in mind that students accepted by Universities will lose another year if they are not "demobbed" in time to start the session in October?

Mr. Justice Darling.

There are renewed and persistent rumours of the pending resignation of this Judge. If, as we have reason to believe, they are correct, he is certainly putting in a strong finish.

Mr. Asquith.

The ex-Premier's intimate friends are gloating over the prospect of his speedy return to power. Hadn't they better await the result of the Rusholme election, which will afford a splendid index to the real strength of the flowing Liberal tide?

Pringle and Rusholme.

There are many matters in regard to which we do not see "eye to eye" with Mr. Pringle. We should, however, welcome his return to the House of Commons—where brains are sorely needed; and Pringle has brains.

The "Deutschland" at Southend.

Germany's great super-submarine is now on view at the Pier of this favourite resort, but she will not be there long, as we are anxious to get her to London before the nights draw in. Southenders, therefore, must hurry up.

The first list of Souvenirs, etc., appears elsewhere.

We DON'T Think.

We have been requested by Mr. E. M. Schellenberge, of Lage-in-Lippe, to ask our friends to utilise his services to trace relics of their dead in Germany, or to arrange for the "ornamentation of their graves." This request is embellished by a little specious humbug about "eliminating hate for saving lives of our posterity." Too much Lippe!

"In Strict Confidence."

Here is an extract from a letter received from Wellington, N.Z: "I may tell you in strict confidence that you are better known here than in England, especially since the war, when so many of our fellows have been privileged to sojourn and to fight with the magnificent troops at home." We are further assured that, though N.Z. is a rocky little country, we should "find a very soft welcome" there. Where is our aeroplane?

That Levison Knighthood.

Our protest against the knighthood conferred in the Honours List upon Mr. Levison has been warmly echoed in the Jewish press and pulpit. What is the King going to do about it?

Profiteering J. P.s.

Apropos of the conviction of several profiteers holding the Commission of the Peace, surely such men should be automatically removed from the Bench. We commend this suggestion to the Lord Chancellor.

From the Faroe Islands.

The Acting British Consul, Mr. Valdemar Lutzen, recently handed over the duties of his office to Mr. Knud Lutzen, who is now in charge of the consular interests of the United Kingdom. Sounds all right, doesn't it?

India.

We trust there is no truth in the report that Mr. Montagu, the Secretary of State, is in frequent conference with Mrs. Annie Besant in reference to the future government of India. That way lies another "Irish problem"!

Russians at Newmarket.

What are those five hundred Russian officers doing at Newmarket, and why are stud farms in that neighbourhood being held up for the accommodation of Russian soldiers many of whom are doubtless of Bolshevist tendency?

A New Meaning.

On the recent anniversary of Sedan, the pupils of the Potsdam Gymnasium went on strike in order to place a wreath and an old German flag on the monument of the ex-Kaiser's grandfather, Emperor William, round which they gathered and sang "The Watch on the Rhine." We wonder whether the young Huns appreciated the irony of the title of that song.

"Save the Children."

With reference to our recent article on the efforts of Lord Robert Cecil, Mrs. C. R. Buxton and their friends to raise money for feeding children abroad, we are assured by the Honorary Secretary of the Fund that, in the first instance at any rate, it is not proposed to include Germany in its benefits. Pity that such great prominence is given to cases of alleged starvation in Austria, Hungary and Germany.

Milk.

By the bye, in the course of our article we referred to the doubtful values of "imported milk powders and other concoctions." In using these words we did not, of course, refer to such preparations as Nestlé's, Glaxo, and Cow and Gate Milk; and we think it only right to make this clear.

Local Limericks.

(*Station Road, Dunmow, is moving. It slides and shifts, and the gardens in front of the houses are already sloping towards it.*)

There's at Dunmow no miracle-scorner,
For a moving road serves as a warner,
And the tenants, some night
On arriving home, might
Find their house had strolled right round the corner.

A Mysterious Association.

A Hun hop-merchant, Michael Gaertner, of Nuremberg, has written to a Manchester company, in which he formerly held shares, intimating that he is very nicely, thank you, and would be glad to receive his back dividends. It is his wish that these should be remitted to the Don Association, Corporation Street, Birmingham. These matters are, of course, in the hands of the Public Trustee, but we should like further particulars of the Association whose name is put forward as debt collectors for an enemy firm.

Those Empty Houses.

Empty houses are a loss to the rates, and if the Rates Committees get on the track, something may be done. There are twenty in Ealing and thirty in Twickenham to start upon. One in Southampton was applied for by a would-be tenant, who offered a year's rent in advance, to do the repairs, and to present £5 to the local hospital. He was informed, "The house is not to let," so empty still it stands. Now, had he offered a bonus to the landlord——

An American Suggestion.

The *Chicago Daily News*, prefacing the proposal with the statement that there is no fundamental difference between the British and American character, suggests that we should find "a pleasant island somewhere out in the South Pacific, remote from cables and out of the reach of wireless, and to it we should conduct, in pairs like the animals going into the ark, the professional mischief makers." And, by way of a start, it gives Senator Reed and ourselves as the first couple. But surely the ark simile there breaks down!

Hunmusical.

A person of the name of Carl Harlebeck, recently appointed Head Master of the Cork Municipal School of Music, has already begun to distinguish himself. Carl has announced that in future all the professors would have to learn Irish, as the lessons would be given in it, and "all those swindling hugger-mugger examinations of unmusical English bodies would be done away with." In Ireland one is used to hearing the British abused by Sinn Feiners, but to hear a preposterous blatherskite like Harlebeck joining in the yapping ought to make any decent Irishman sick.

A "Concrete" Case.

Messrs. D. G. Somerville and Co., Ltd., the well-known engineers and concrete and steel work contractors, tell us that owing to the unsettled state of labour they have been compelled to decline to estimate for various work required by the French Government and others, with the result that "the Americans are securing it, and have just taken a contract for sixty million pounds at Nantes, and another one for the reconstruction of a large road bridge in the South of England—both of which would have come to this country, without the slightest doubt, had not Labour unrest made it impossible." Labour leaders, kindly note!

Pensions—and Pensions.

From a Portsmouth paper: "At a meeting of the Watch Committee the resignations of three police constables were accepted. All three have completed 26 years' service, and will now retire on a weekly pension of £3 3s. 4d." Well, we wish them luck. . . But what is the pension of a sailor or soldier totally disabled in the war, ruined and helpless for life?

Send them Home!

It is brought to our notice that many of the lads who have been sent to Industrial Schools during the war have been committed for no worse offence than habitual truancy. Now that the fathers are home, domestic discipline may be relied upon to curb such wayward tendencies, and on a suitable undertaking from the parents, the poor little prisoners should be immediately released.

£1,000 FOOTBALL PRIZE

WAITING TO BE WON!

See page iii. of cover.

A "Jolly" Scheme.

The other day Mr. A. E. Jolly, of Acton, had a £34 a year house to let at Harrow, so he advertised it in the newspapers. When the applications came rolling in, Jolly intimated that he "required a premium of £20," but "would accept the nearest offer." Of course the dear chap didn't mean it. What he meant was that he would accept £20, and as much more as he could get. But it would never have done to put that in the papers.

Blind Management.

One hopes that the balance sheet of the Incorporated Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, now almost due, will be able to record a less tight-fisted distribution to the afflicted than last year—when the receipts were £16,104 19s. 8d., while the total benevolent expenditure, including wages to blind and others, was only about half—£8,598 8s. 9d. As at the same time the declared assets stood at £80,542 13s. 6d., the Council's caution in benevolent expenditure appears to have degenerated into meanness.

Glasgow's Economy.

The City fathers of the Glasgow Corporation did no fighting, but they wanted a medal badly. Nobody seemed inclined to give them even a putty one, so they have decorated themselves. Bronze was unthinkable, silver they turned up their civic noses at, but gold is good. So the members of the Corporation and numbers of officials have each received a golden Peace medal, worth about three pounds and at a total cost of some £500. Ratepayers, with leaping rates that break record, want to know what it all means.

More Philanthropy.

Still they come. The latest body to shed salt tears over the fate of the discharged soldier and to smother him with offers of assistance is the Art Trades Association, of 151, Dale Street, Liverpool. The scheme is to train ex-Service men in various skilled trades, the fees ranging from £3 3s. upwards, with the promise of "splendid positions before course is finished." A gentleman, whose name the Association uses as a reference, declares that "the guarantee of employment is absolutely a myth." If this is the truth, someone has been imitating Ananias.

Tonnage Shortage.

The other day the London barque *Perseus*, laden with 175 tons of empty shell cases, put into Dover on account of fog. She had brought the cases from France to England, where they were sold to a French firm as scrap metal, and was returning with the lot to France again. When it comes to freights and freightage the roundabouts are not in it.

The Reward of Merit.

A Leyton mother may well ask why women have to fight so hard and worry so much about their maternity benefit. In her own case she did not receive it until five months after her baby was born. Our suggestion is that the Government have squandered so much money on so many things so much less important than babies, that they have to fob off the mothers with all sorts of excuses.

A Tommy's Bath-chair.

A badly wounded Tommy tells us he travelled five miles from Knotty Ash Station, paying his due fare. He rode in a luggage-van, sitting in his own bath-chair, and was charged 2s. fare for the chair. "Isn't it disgusting?" is what he asks. But the fee is quite contrary to railway regulations, which state that a wounded soldier's bath-chair is not to be charged for at all. This Tommy should apply for a return of the money, and we expect he will get it.

A Sour Firm.

Sarsons, Ltd., the vinegar brewers, are the sharpest stuff in the cruet. Because a married woman in their employment stayed away from work to take her child to the hospital, they ignored her 16 years' service, and turned her adrift without notice. At the Old Street Police Court, the poor soul won her case against the firm, recovering a week's wages, 27s., and 10s. costs. If vinegar goes up next week, we shall know that Sarsons are endeavouring to recoup their loss.

The "Private" Tommy.

We have come across a very amusing protest in an American paper against the term "private" as descriptive of the ordinary soldier. "There is nothing private about me," says the writer; "I have been examined by fifty doctors; I have confessed to being married and having no children; I have told my previous occupations and my salary; I sleep in a room with countless other men and eat with about 900; I take my baths with the entire detachment; I never have a moment to myself"—and so on. Almost as bad as being a "private" Member of Parliament!

Street Market Competition.

With reference to our recent paragraph in regard to a couple of circulars issued by the Danish Bacon Company to shopkeepers, exhorting them to meet the competition of the street markets, we were in error in stating that the firm reduced their prices from 199s. 6d. per cwt., washed and drained, and 212s. 6d. smoked, to 100s. and 112s. respectively. Although the document from which we quoted gave these figures as for "all kinds and averages," it appears that this sweeping term does not include "picnic hams"—the prices of which were, in fact, reduced in a few days from 125s. and 139s. to 100s. and 112s. As, however, the Control prices remain at 137s. and 149s. 6d, it would appear that—although the firm say they are selling at a loss—there is room for Mr. Roberts to lower the maximum.

Local Limerick.

(As the result of an accident, a stable-hand had his nose cut off. Windsor Hospital doctors stuck it on again, and the man says he is now "all right.")

Although it may read like a fable,
A man lost his nose in a stable;
But the docs., gath'ring round it,
Stuck it on when they found it,
Now he blows it for all he is able.

"Royal" Prices.

A guest at a Masonic luncheon at the Royal Hotel, Whitby, says he "was charged 2s. 6d. for whisky (possibly 12 or less to the bottle), and 9d. for a split soda." It may be said, of course, that if people will lunch at royal hotels they must expect to pay royal prices; but 3s. 3d. for a whisky-and-soda would perturb even a crowned head.

Reason—and Unreason.

Consider another hotel—Parry's Family and Commercial Temperance, 15, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool, run by W. H. Reason. A man and his wife, along with another, couple, stayed at this place recently for one night. "For occupying a double-bedded room, and our wives having to do chambermaid's duties as well," so runs the story as we have it, "and being provided with a breakfast each and two suppers, the whole of which would not have satisfied a healthy lad, we were charged the sum of £4 4s." The legend is that there are no snakes in Ireland. It would evidently be an awful whopper to allege there are no sharks in Liverpool.

Hackney Leads.

Than deciding to inaugurate a winter garden in Hackney, the Borough Council could not have taken a wiser or a more popular step. It is merely a puritan prejudice which stands in the way of winter gardens in other parts of London, though it is not specially difficult to conduct them with every sense of responsibility and respectability without imposing irritating restrictions and treating grown up people as if they were babies.

Conducing to Cruelty.

The suffering imposed upon animals in Market Drayton Market is partly, at any rate, explainable by the obvious indifference of some of the local Petty Sessions Magistrates. They recently discharged Thomas Davies, a farmer, of Manor Farm, Madeley, who had brought a dying calf to the Market, and saying he "didn't care for twenty policemen," persisted in unloading it and putting it in a pen with other calves. If in acting as he did Davies did not subject it to "unnecessary suffering," then words have no meaning

Cheap Sport.

At the Rochdale Police Court the other day a Norden farmer named Robert Turner was summoned for assault. It appears that this truculent bully had fallen foul of an innocent courting couple, belabouring an inoffensive young man with his whip, and using vile language in the presence of the lady. As the assault was a violent one and entirely unprovoked, the Magistrates could not very well let the culprit go scot free, so they bound him over in the sum of £5 to be of good behaviour for six months. For the obscene language they fined him a guinea. If the fellow has any sense of decency at all, which probably he hasn't, he will present the Rochdale Magistrates with some tangible mark of his esteem.

Nervous Investors."

Yet another instance of mysterious and vexatious delay on the part of the Post Office Savings Bank is afforded by a reader who tried to withdraw a small sum. After 28 days and four separate applications, there has been no reply of any kind. In his last communication he told the Comptroller that he had "written to JOHN BULL about it," but we have not yet heard the outcome of that intimation. It is enough to precipitate a run on the bank.

The Old Commissionaire.

The commissionaire has his grievance, like everybody else. In other days, before war, the Corps of Commissionaires charged him 4s. 6d. a month for his uniform outfit. The fee now is 7s. 9d. for about half the clothes, which have to last four months longer. But does not the Corps Commander think the employers might contribute a shilling or two?

A Defaulting City..

Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, has gone "bust." Unfortunately a good many here have been caught, as the bonds of Prince Albert were regarded until a year or two ago as something very like a gilt-edged security. It might have been expected that in the circumstances some assistance would have been forthcoming from the Canadian Government or the State of Saskatchewan.

From Wild Wales.

Dwyran Rural District Council requires a Surveyor and Inspector of Nuisances to survey highways and buildings, inspect factories, workshops, dairies, etc., to superintend scavenging, and to do all usual work under the Public Health Acts, and whatever else the Council may require. He must be certificated, "knowledge of Welsh is essential," and his district comprises five parishes, population about 3,000. The Council has the impudence to offer £45 a year, travelling expenses included. Enough to make a Welshman wilder than ever.

Watch this figure GROW!
The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is 131
For Registration Forms see page 20.

Farm Work for Soldiers.

A farmer correspondent tells us he has had dozens of applications from discharged men anxious to spend a few weeks on a farm for the purpose of seeing if the work and the life suited them, and to gain some idea of the prospects it would offer them. He has been obliged to say no to all of them. He is willing to take them, and his men are willing to teach them, but a £100 fine awaits him every time he pays a man less than the full wage. It seems to us that such men and such a farmer might be allowed to arrange their own terms.

"Insulting The King."

On the occasion of the King's recent visit to Sheffield, we referred to a report of there having been at least two German waiters engaged. The Grand Hotel, Sheffield, who catered for their Majesties' lunch, under the personal supervision of their Manager, Mr. John Kugi (whose eldest son was a member of, and was killed whilst on duty with, the Royal Flying Corps), have satisfied us that no enemy alien waiters were employed, and we have much pleasure in making this fact clear, and at the same time desire to express our regret for any annoyance which the paragraph may have caused.

The Wrong Colours.

It seems that the colours of the ribbons for the Special Constable's medal are to be red, white and black. Is there any real need to ask these fine fellows to decorate their chests with the German colours?

Telephone Trials.

Now we know why the sub-postmaster, for one, doesn't get a hustle or a worry on when the telephone bell rings. He—at least one of him St. Leonard's way—says that the telephone cabinet occupies the best position in the shop; that it requires cleaning at least twice a week; that he has to record the fee and put the caller on his number; that he has to total cash received, fill up forms concerning the same, and send off a money order to the District Manager; and that for all this he receives 1s. 7d. a month wages. Well, it is certainly up to the sub-postmaster to do his duty—or chuck up his 1s. 7d. a month as a sign unto all men that he doesn't care an Assouan about it.

Belgian—and British.

Recently a Belgian engineer's fitter, Nicholas Rutter, employed by a West Hampstead firm, and proved to have been earning £12 a week, was summoned for not paying Income Tax—on an Order being made exclaiming, "I can't pay it; I can't afford to." A demobilised Scot asks us to compare this case with his own. While in the Army he had a whole 6d. a day from August, 1916, to November, 1917. Then he received 10s. a week, plus 1d. a day war pay, until demobilised this year. His wife and three children had separation allowance of 23s. a week from August, 1916, to February, 1917, when it was increased to 28s. a week, and subsequently to 33s. a week. "Comparisons are odious." It is the old, old story. Better be a fitter than a fighter.

Beggared Bricks.

According to a responsible member of the trade, "the Government department dealing with supplies for Building Schemes are giving no support whatever to those Companies which can turn out only hand-made facing bricks. Many thousands of purple multi-coloured bricks, which the Director of Supplies will not interest himself in, are stacked for disposal. The Company who made them this year do not propose to make any next season, in the circumstances. The result is that valuable machinery and plant will become derelict: cottagers who for generations have depended on the brickworks for a livelihood will have to be discharged; and the industry, within 30 miles of London, and making a brick described as essential for external work, must die out. Perhaps, however, the Director of Supplies will think again.

THE "DEUTSCHLAND"

ADMIT ONE PERSON
. TO VISIT .
THE "DEUTSCHLAND"
AT HALF-PRICE.

Available up to and including Tuesday, September 30th.

(JOHN BULL, September 27th, 1919.)

Candid Communications.——

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. E. Shortt, K.C., M.P., Home Secretary.

SIR,—An unmarried clerk in the W.R.A.F., by name Elsie Kathleen Smith, has been sentenced at the Old Bailey to four months' imprisonment for attempting to suffocate her baby. The girl met a Canadian officer; had a child by him; received information that the man had returned to Canada; became ill and hysterical, and eventually attempted to take the life of her child in a culminating moment of utter distraction. The man goes free; the woman, as usual, pays; and in this case I submit to you that she has suffered enough to pay all she owes to her wrongdoing. She has received too much justice and too little of mercy. In mercy's name, let her out. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Robertson, Lambourn, Berks.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I am glad you have got your nose back again. It appears that it was recently shaved off your face, as clean as a whistle, by a falling skylight; but the surgeons at King Edward VII. Hospital, Windsor, clapped it back in its place and sewed everything up so nicely that one can hardly see the join. Naturally you are delighted, but you must really take more care of your face in future. The achievements of modern surgery are marvellous, but it must have been a fiddling job.

JOHN BULL.

To Daniel Dingsdale, Contractor, Rose Cottage, Thatto Heath, St. Helens.

SIR,—For the life of me I cannot understand why the law lets off such cruel, unfeeling brutes as you upon the payment of a fine. True, in your case it was £5 or 28 days, but of course you have paid. For no reason at all—except the reason you gave to Inspector Barrack of the R.S.P.C.A., that your wife aggravated you—you took a chance shot at your dog as it stood in the garden, where it was found with its two legs broken, and bleeding in death agony from two wounds in the breast. In my opinion you ought now to be in gaol, working out your penance on a diet of skilly. JOHN BULL.

To the Watch Committee, Cardiff.

GENTLEMEN,—You have promised to your Fire Brigade certain reforms and improvements, but have failed to come up to the scratch. Ever since last April you have vowed to do the needful "at the next meeting." But you have met once a fortnight, and done nothing. Please get a move on, and act, or the poor firemen will get tired of saluting you.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. J. Martin, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Old Brompton, Chatham.

UNREVEREND SIR,—Of course, you denied the charge, but that fine at Chatham of 40s., and two guineas costs, for kissing Gladys Topping (one of your maids), stamps you for what you are. When Gladys went into the bath-room you followed her, caught hold of her, and kissed her with such lustful ardour that three marks were left on her neck. Whether you had played the old fool, by giving her red and white roses as emblems of passion and pure love, as was alleged, you certainly should wear the red rose of passion in your coat, and not the white collar of a clerical life. This I say: That a clergyman who is a danger and not a protection to virtue is an insult to religion and a disgrace to the Church. JOHN BULL.

To C. A. McCurdy, Esq., M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food.

DEAR MAC,—I am not looking, as you know, for much public benefit in the way of reduced prices from the Eyewash and Gammon Act you have been so elaborately explaining to a profiteered populace; and when I perceive you "understand that a few local authorities think it is unnecessary for them to do anything in the matter," I feel curious to know what you intend to do about it. Take it from me, you can lay a slight shade of odds that most of the local authorities who don't want local committees are working in gangs and don't want to be found out doing light-fingered tricks among the crowd. By the way, how are you going for fat ham? JOHN BULL.

To H. F. Dickens, Esq., K.C., Common Serjeant.

SIR,—With that conspicuous sense of fairness which is among the greatest of judicial qualities, you have been paying a well-merited tribute to the work of the Metropolitan Police, and I am sure you will permit me to endorse your words. For it is not only in the Courts that the virtues of the Force are displayed. Their quiet, inconspicuous services touch the lives of Londoners at every point, and following your lead we are all ready to say, "Thank you!" to "Robert." May his shadow never grow less! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Ernest Cousins, Cardiff.

DEAR SIR,—Really, you must not do it; why, it shocks me even to speak of it. Because your wife had offended you, you put her across a chair and spanked her like a naughty school girl. I am aware, of course, that by the common law of England a man is permitted to chastise a refractory partner, but this ancient rule finds little honour in these days—as you discovered to your cost when the Magistrates convicted you of a common assault and fined you 20s. I cannot pretend to be sorry for you. It was really most rude. JOHN BULL.

To Miss Braithwaite, Secretary, Emergency Committee for the Assistance of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress.

MADAM,—While members of the Society of Friends cannot conscientiously employ soldiers, you say "they are doing God's work by engaging these innocent aliens, who are excellent waiters, etc." Few people in this country will perceive the work of God there, knowing that with opportunity even now these Hun men would be cutting our throats while their women spat in our faces. The Quakers, as all of us, owe everything to the British soldier; and now that the war is over surely it is a shocking obsession for them to believe that they are doing God's work by turning the British soldier away from opportunities of livelihood while they maintain and comfort his enemies.

JOHN BULL.

THE GREAT SOAP RAMP.

MARVEL THAT WE ARE SO CLEAN!

A Liscard shopkeeper very much resents the imputation of profiteering levelled at him by exasperated customers. The other morning the good man received by a single post, four in the same envelope, a whole set of revised price lists from the principal soap firms, Messrs. J. Crosfield and Sons, Ltd., W. Gossage and Sons, Ltd., A. and F. Pears; Ltd., Hazlehurst and Sons, Ltd., Hodgson and Simpson, Ltd., and last but not least, Lever Brothers, and, there being of course a complete working agreement not to say a "combine" between these leading firms, the various increases were so arranged as to preserve a sweet and perfect equipoise among the satellites of Port Sunlight. Although sorry for his customers, and annoyed at having to demand still further increments of price, the shopkeeper derived one ray of comfort from the manufacturers' announcements. Notwithstanding that for some time past he had experienced great difficulty in obtaining supplies, his stock having dwindled almost to vanishing point, he now felt certain that the delayed orders would come in with a rush—as sure enough they did a day or two later, labelled at the old figure but carefully invoiced at the new prices. As it is the rule of all these firms that goods shall be accepted at prices current at the date of despatch, there was nothing for it but to receive the goods and paste them up with new price tickets, so as to disarm the just anger of customers ignorant of the circumstances in which small dealers are privileged to do business with the wholesale soap magnates.

"TAKING THE KNOCK."

A NASTY ONE FOR AUXILIARY POSTMEN.

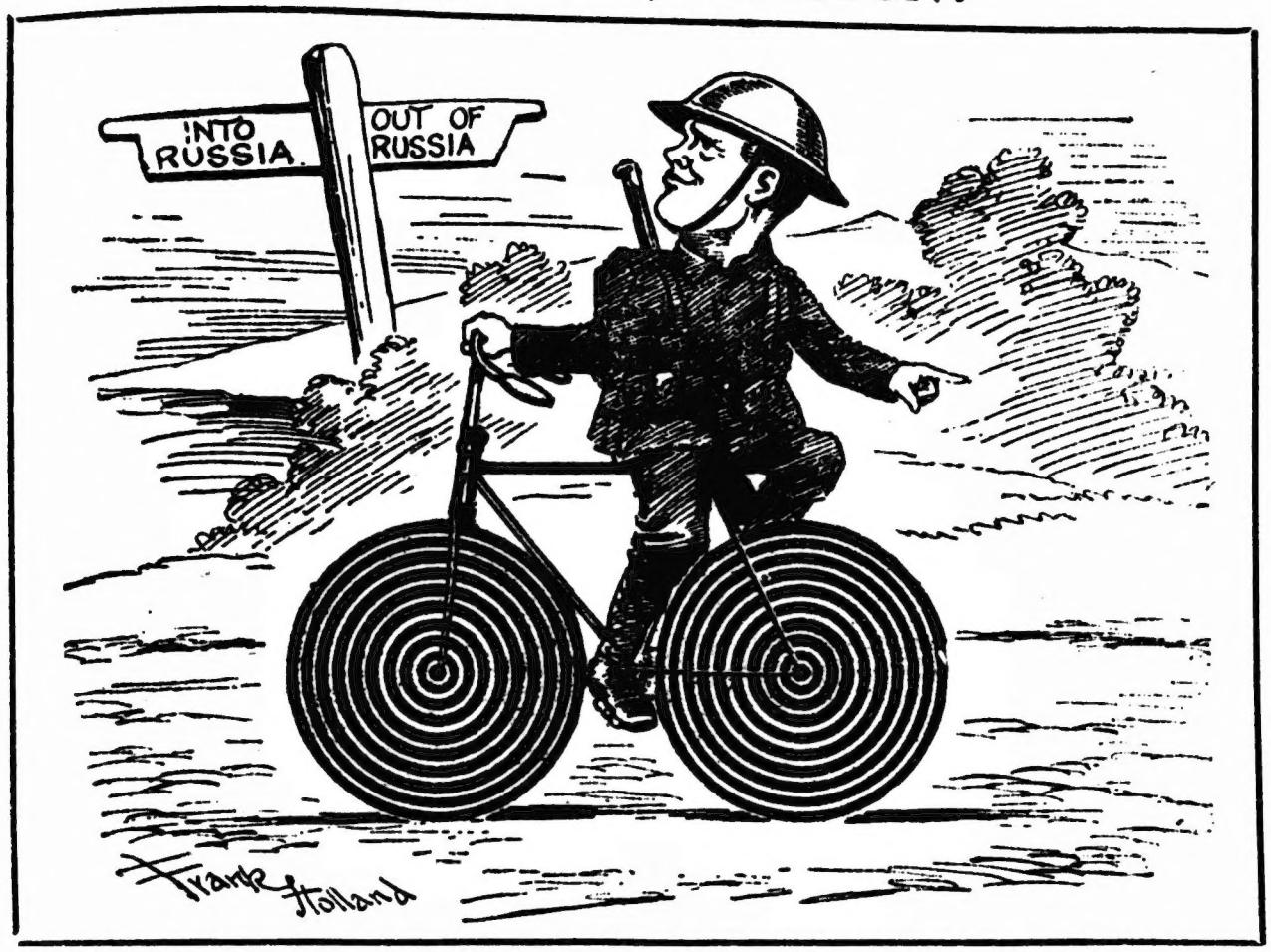
The Post Office employed auxiliary postmen at 12s. a week before war. They were men with other businesses, but, when war came, and they were put on full duties, their businesses slipped away. Many are still doing full duty, but, as that may soon cease, the old fellows, some of over 26 years' service, are now required to sign a document stating, "I am fully aware that no advantage other than these wages (14s. a week) attaches to my employment . . . that I shall not be entitled to sick pay, boot allowance, or other privilege, whatever my hours of duty . . . that my services may be discontinued at any moment . . . no claim to further employment or to compensation . . . that my employment as an auxiliary postman is conditional upon my having other employment (which) brings my total earnings to at least 20s. a week." To us the document appears uncalled-for, for it is quite unnecessary to remind these men of the insecurity of their position and the meanness of their masters. To start with, their own private jobs have all "gone bust," so the cool assumption by the Post Office that 20s. a week is enough for them to live on goes by the board. The auxiliary men know they are liable to be shunted any day without a penny after long, long years of careful, honest labour, but they did not expect, possibly just before the end, to be called on to declare officially how much they appreciated and enjoyed their own form of enslavement, and it seems a touch of cynicism that they should be required to do so in black and white.

A CHEEKY CIRCULAR.

PRYING INTO SECRETS OF BUSINESS FIRMS.

The Bradstreet Company, of 346 and 348, Broadway, New York, is again getting busy in this country. It is sending out circulars, most terribly inquisitive, from branch offices here. We have one dated from its "Manchester Office," 26, Cooper Street, and another from Phœnix Chambers, South Parade, Leeds. In each case the "District Manager," with astounding curiosity, wants some tradesman to lay bare to him all the innermost secrets of his business affairs. There is a form to be filled up with more than a score of replies to impertinent questions, such as:—"When established? Age? Married? Capital at starting? Present capital? Mortgaged? Amount? Turnover? Class of customers? Liabilities?" etc., etc. Bewildered recipients of this circular, with no knowledge whatever of the Bradstreet Company, not unnaturally kick at the cool cheek of people who calmly ask for such intimate details of their concerns. Nor does the Company condescend to make matters clear. It seems to pose as doing a favour, writing:—"In order to ensure that those particulars about your business to which you attach special value are included in our reports, we take the liberty"—and there is no doubt about that!—"to forward this form, which, if agreeable to your wishes, we should be pleased to have you fill out in such detail as you may deem consistent." The circular was printed in America, we wager; it has the real, full Yankee twang! And we do not think many British traders will be caught by its bounce or impressed by its impudence.

WHICH WAY, WINSTON?



Why does Winston keep us guessing
What he means when he's "progressing"?

Is he going to or fro?
That's the thing we want to know!

(NOTE:—*Give picture a rapid circular motion, and make bicycle go which way you please.*)

THE UNBLUSHING HUN.

A COOL COMMUNICATION FROM DRESDEN.

Mr. Friedrich Wiegand, of Holbeinstrasse, Dresden, begs us to excuse him for troubling us "in a private affair of vital interest to many an English family too." On conscientious grounds, we cannot excuse any Hun for troubling us about anything. We will, however, declare his affair. "The wife of the undersigned is an English woman, born in Bradford, Yorks. We met, loved, and married each other in that town, lived afterwards happy together in Dresden till the war trumpet tore us asunder. Whilst I stood at the French front from Sept. '14 to Nov. '18, my poor dear wife had to brave the more cruel part of bearing the mental strain doubly hard, her two brothers fighting in the Army and she hungering as it was ordained by the relentless current of war time." As a result she now weighs 62 lbs. and is in indifferent health; and as Herr Wiegand thinks that she would improve in health if the Foreign Office would permit her and the child alone, "or all the three of us," to visit her parents in Bradford, he wishes us to inform him whether we think such permission will be granted. We do not know. He has applied to the Foreign Office, and must wait and see. Frau Wiegand is English in the sense that she is English born; Herr Wiegand says the name and address of his father-in-law is Anthony Kreutz, Bradford, Yorks. "Among reasonable thinking men," he proceeds, "the question as to which of the two nations was at first in the wrong, who broke most international laws or broke them more recklessly, etc., may best be left undisputed, for it is well understood that he who lost the fray must needs bear all the blame, whether deservedly or not. There should be no question as to punishing a little woman for the stout defence her husband's nation opposed against overwhelming odds and shutting herself out from her mother's home even for a visit." But why not invite Mr. and Mrs. Kreutz to Dresden?

BOYS FROM THE BATTLE.

NO RAILWAY CONCESSIONS FOR THE MAIMED.

Seven years ago the late Mrs. Morphew started a big club in Chelsea for the lads of the streets—"hooligans" because there was nobody to take them in hand and give them an uplift in the right way. The Club prospered in its good work, and in 1914 had 240 members. When the war came, all with the exception of the physically unfit "joined up as one man." The Club was then closed "for the duration"; Mrs. Morphew passed away, and the work of carrying on was left as a "sacred trust" to her sister, Mrs. C. D. Ryan, of 112, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. When the boys came back from the battles, many crippled and crocked, some limbless, there was no club for them. Funds were almost nil. Subscribers had fallen away or lost interest; and but for the fact that the Church Army have promised the use of one of their huts for a club hall, the chance of rendezvous would have been small indeed. With only £6 in hand, Mrs. Ryan was anxious to reopen "The Industrial Club for Big Lads of South London" by taking twenty-two of the poorest and most crippled to Southend for a day. She wrote to the Metropolitan District Railway asking for reduced fare facilities. She might have saved herself the trouble. "Madam," wrote the Passenger Agent, "I am in receipt of your letter of 17th inst., and in reply thereto beg to say that reduced fares are only, for the present, granted to Sunday School parties, and I regret therefore being unable to quote a reduced rate in favour of your party, neither can we arrange for reserved accommodation to be provided on the through corridor train to Southend. Tickets can be purchased at the booking office in the ordinary way." The Railway Executive wastes no sympathy on Army crocks and cripples. It is their money it wants; full fare and 50 per cent. up. And that is how, apparently, the matter remains at the time of writing.

LOSING HIS BACON.

OUTSTANDING INSTANCE OF WANTON WASTE.

The Food Controller is not saving his bacon. There is a dreadful tale on the subject from Chesterfield. It commences with a placid protest in the Derbyshire press. Bacon, on order for five months past, needed for local consumption, did arrive at last at the railway station. But the natural consequence of the delay was that it was then quite unfit for the consumption of anything but pigs. That is what the newspaper said. A reader on the spot gives us later and even more startling details. "On the 11th September it was so hot here (Chesterfield) that in the Great Central Railway yard the bacon swelled so much that it burst the boxes open exposing the contents, upon which the sun was flaming down, the wagons not being sheeted." The wanton holding-up of good food in this way till it goes bad is a crime, for the loss of it is even more serious than the loss of the money.

FOREIGNERS FIRST.

STRANGE ANOMALY BENEFITS THE DUTCH.

Under the above heading we lately expressed our disgust that whilst three Dutch trawlers fishing in the prohibited area of the Firth of Clyde were let off "scot" free, the Belfast steam trawler *North Cape*, committing the same offence, was arrested by the Commander of the *Vigilant*, and the master fined £20 at the Sheriff's Court, Campbeltown, forfeiting, in addition, his net and gear. Whilst there may be good reasons why trawling should be prohibited in the Firth, we are reminded by correspondents that it is counted a crime only when committed by a British subject. Formerly, trawling in those waters was forbidden to British and foreigners alike, but the Foreign Office, with that consideration for the alien at the expense of the national that has so often marked its policy, over-rode the judicial ruling of the Scottish High Court, and declared, in effect, that the foreigner should have fishing rights in Scottish territorial waters, which must still be forbidden to British subjects. If there is an official at the Foreign Office possessed of intelligence enough to explain logically and lucidly why this Gilbertian inconsistency should exist, we should be glad to hear from him on the subject.

OUR AMAZING BUREAUCRACY.

CANCELLING CONTRACTS THAT DID NOT EXIST.

Yielding to the public demand for economy, the Air Board recently resolved on the cancellation of certain outstanding orders, the following telegram, among others, being addressed to the Eldon Aviation Company, 19, Eldon Park, South Norwood:—

> Reference Martinsyde F.4., spares work to cease on the 17th inst.; no deliveries will be accepted after that date; claim (if any) to be submitted to this Department—confirmation by letter following.—AEROSUPPLY, "Estrand," London.

The telegram has a fine business-like air, but to leave matters there would be to do less than justice to the methods of the Air Board. As a matter of fact, the premises at 19, Eldon Park, S.E., are no longer in the occupation of the Eldon Aviation Company, this firm having, as we understand, been closed down as long ago as last December. In the interval no aeroplane work whatever has been carried on at the address, the premises having been occupied for the past four months by the Unicorn Engineering Company, Ltd., who have had no dealings of any description with the Air Board. We cannot probe the mystery further, but it would be interesting to know upon what picturesque blunder the above telegram was founded—unless, like the War Office on a famous occasion, these ineffable bureaucrats have "lost the files."

SCANDAL OF A GARDEN CITY.

RAT INFESTED ROSYTH—CONDEMNATION OF A STATE SUPPORTED SCHEME.

WHAT'S in a name? A Garden City suggests to the average mind a collection of pretty houses in delightful surroundings, dwellings with charming gardens and well-planned roads, a model "City" where light is abundant and the air is pure, where all that is modern in sanitation makes for health, and everything is to be found which conduces to happiness. Well, they have a Garden City at Rosyth, where the Grand Fleet comes from or goes to. It has been built with the backing of State money to house those who have gone North to participate in the work of the dockyard, and after making personal acquaintance with the conditions obtaining and seeing for ourselves the kind of thing which has brought the tenants "up in arms," we have no hesitation in describing Rosyth as a scandalous Garden City.

MOIST AND MALODOROUS.

Unless the Admiralty, whose clear duty it is, see that those employed in the service of the State are decently housed at decent rents, nothing will be done. For months the cry of discontent has been raised; the official ear is deaf—and more, the official mind is indifferent. For self-protection the householders of the Rosyth Garden City have their own Public Health Committee, and their last report is before us as we write. What of the site on which the City has been run up since the war? "The Garden City has been constructed on a pot-clay bed, a moist and malodorous soil, constantly cracking from the heat of the sun. Everywhere are seen deep fissures in the earth's surface, giving out excessive vapours and putrid organic emanations, most noticeable at dead of night." That is bad enough for a beginning, but there is worse to come. To the ordinary mind a burn is a rippling brook of pellucid water sparkling in the sunshine. And that is what a burn should be. Well, Rosyth Garden City has a burn into which the water from the surrounding hills drains itself. This burn traverses the centre of the City. It is choked throughout its whole length in parts with animal and vegetable matter undergoing decomposition of a nature most deadly to human life.

CHEAP AND NASTY HOUSES.

Do not mistake the character of this damning report. It is signed by twelve members, including Capt. W. Calder, M.D., the Chairman. All are residents; their joint testimony is from daily personal experience. We agree with them that the Government was duped into embarking financially on such a building scheme as that at Rosyth, and we trust when Parliament reassembles Scottish members will do their duty and expose the scandal. The drainage system is bad; the drinking water is suspect. The houses in this "Model" City have been built with but little regard to the science of sanitation. Cheap and nasty is the proper description; that is, cheap in construction, but dear in rent. The rooms are small and low; many are damp and unhealthy, and we have no hesitation in saying that if some of the distinguished men who are connected with the Company directly responsible—the Scottish National Housing Company, Ltd.—would take a personal interest in this Rosyth scandal, improvement would be speedy and thorough. The trouble is that the complaints and appeals of the residents go unheeded, or, what is worse, attempt is made to silence them by misrepresentation.

DEAD CATS IN THE BURN.

Dr. Dittmar, Medical Inspector under the Scottish Board of Health, was sent to make a report. If he did not find "everything in the garden lovely," he certainly represented the condition of things to be vastly better than the residents can recognise. What is more, the local Public Health Committee traverse his opinion that the City is in a sanitary condition, and declare it to be "misleading and without the slightest foundation." Dr. Dittmar rather slighted the allegations concerning the filth, and débris in the burn. The Committee make answer that dead cats, rats, putrid fish heads, meat bones, old cement bags, human bedding, and putrid green matter, go to make up the contents of the burn in which the children of the Garden City paddle. Rosyth is also suffering from a rat pest. Of course, there are those who deny the existence of the rodents; but the residents are only too conscious of their presence, yet nothing is done by the Housing Company to abate the dangerous nuisance, and Dr. Dittmar is satisfied that the "area of Rosyth in the Burgh of Dunfermline is not in an insanitary condition," and in that opinion, so warmly traversed by Dr. Calder and his colleagues, Dr. Macgregor, the Medical Officer of Health of Dunfermline, is in practical agreement.

LORD LYTTON AND THE STRIKERS.

But in our opinion the residents of the City are to be believed rather than officials. Men who after the outbreak of War volunteered to go North with their families to Rosyth have good reason for complaint. They were promised good houses at cheap rents; they have been put into bad houses at dear rents. So strong did feeling grow on the rent question that in the spring of this year a rent strike was declared, and in June Lord Lytton, as representing the Admiralty, went to Rosyth to investigate. It was all very well for my Lord to tell the malcontents that "rents must be paid before buying boots," but in view of the promises made to them they had good grounds for their action. This much was conceded by Lord Lytton—that if the men could prove they were worse off than their fellows in other dockyard towns the rents would be reduced. Well, they have proved that they are worse off—quite apart from the unhealthy conditions obtaining—but up to-date there is nothing doing. Rosyth tenants are to-day paying anything from 50 to 80 per cent. higher rentals than dockyard employees elsewhere, in spite of the fact that the City is heavily subsidised. This Scottish National Housing Company was formed for the express purpose of building houses for Government employees. The Local Government Board for Scotland has loaned to the Company nine-tenths of the money expended, the Admiralty having a first claim on the tenancy of all the houses at rents which shall provide a 5 per cent. cumulative dividend for the Company. In the glowing prospectus we are told that the "Dunfermline Town-planning scheme aims at securing the best conditions for housing the coming population, and it is the purpose of the company to provide houses to agree with these conditions"—and to "permit of rents being within the means of the intended occupants," the Company got the land from the Government at £10 an acre. And so £1,000,000 capital was raised of which £900,000 is Government money loaned at 3½ per cent. interest and repayable in 60 years.

"MODEL" TOWN PLANNING?

Rosyth Garden City was started under the most favourable auspices. The Company, at the outset, had (and, presumably, still has) the advantage of an Advisory Committee, on which were to be found Mr. G. Barnes, M.P., Mr. (now Sir) Godfrey Collins, M.P., Sir W. S. Haldane, Mr. J. Hope, M.P., Major Hope, M.P., Mr. Duncan Miller, M.P., Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., Mr. A. Wilkie, M.P., Mr. A. F. Whyte, M.P., and Sir George Younger, M.P. And, we may add, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald figures among the shareholders. This Company stands in a peculiar position. It is State subventioned; of its £1,000,000 capital, just nine-tenths is Treasury money, and as to the rest there is a guaranteed dividend; and, what is more, there is an annual average cost to the country of approximately £20 on each of the 1,600 houses in this undesirable Garden City—a fact admitted by the Government in the House of Commons, so recently as last month, in reply to a question by Rear-Admiral Adair. Yet, with all these advantages, the residents are subject to conditions of living against which they have long loudly protested. In the circumstances, we are justified in stigmatising the City as a failure. If it has not bred disease—and as to that Dr. Calder is in dispute with officialdom—it has bred high rents, insanitary conditions, and deep discontent. If Rosyth is an example of what we are to expect under Town Planning schemes, the less we have of such proposals the better for the health and contentment of the people.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

King George insists, with feeling's deep,
Employers shall their promise keep.

It really looks as though Sinn Fein
In French's grip will squirm in vain.

Lloyd George may to the Future point,
But it's the Present that's out of joint.

When all the while we know he's there.
Absurd to hide the profiteer.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

Good evenin', Mister George. 'Ow are yer? . . . That's the style. It's up to you to keep fit for the sake o' the country. Wotever would 'appen if you wasn't able to make your bee-utiful speeches about brother'ood an' layin' down with the lamb an' cetra? We sh'd go to wot thet Dickens character called the "demnition bow-wows" toot sweet! . . . *'Air cut?* Right-o! You kin cert'n'y do with it. But I'll soon make you look respectable . . . I *musn't take too much orf?* I sh'd 'ope not. But opinions are likely to differ as to wot *is* too much. . . . *Musn't destroy your poetic an' romantic appearance?* . . . I see. It's one o' your most valuable assets, I dessay—w'en you're speakin' at Brother'ood meetin's at the City Temple, and drawin' your wunnerful word-pictures of a new Earth w'en everybody'll be as good as gold, with eight hours work (or will it be six?), eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep and about eighteen to eighty bob a day! . . .

* * * *

Exaggeratin'? 'Oo is? . . . *I am?* Not reely. That, shorely, is the sorter bee—utiful picture you shoves before your audience, without tellin' 'em they'll 'ave to work a darned sight longer'n six hours if we're goin' to 'old our own in trade against Germany an' the United States. And they'll 'ave to do it for less pay, too, else the price o' nuthink won't never come down, neather. Look 'ere, sir, wot we want from you jest now is statesmanlike speeches calculated to put the north-east wind up the slackers, profiteers, limpets and other infernal selfish blighters wot are causin' the waste wot looks like ruinin' the country. It's the waste wot's goin' on to-day wot's the very devil.

* * * *

All the 'ot *hair* spouted at Brother'ood meetin's won't stop that. We want measures, not a lot o' bloomin' mouthin' about the sea dashin' itself against the rocks, an' the Matter'orn and Mont Blanc doin' the disappearin' trick in Switzerland. Tell us wot's bein' done, or *goin'* to be done to stop the present shockin' *h*orgy of extravagance in pritty near every depawtment of the State. Sackin' a few flappers from W'ite'all won't do it. Wot you want to do is to do away with these Boards of Control to begin with. Demob the Liquor Control, the Railway Control and other Wore measures, now the wore is over, and let naturel competition operate. We're bein' controlled orf the earth or into the Work'us. Look at the price o' goods in Cologne, in ruined an' defeated Germany, compared with wot they are in London, in victorious England! I tell yer, wot we want is deeds, not words. . . . *You're as keen as anybody to get the Old Country back to its pre-war prosperity with improved conditions?* I don't doubt it. But gassin' at Brother'ood meetin's won't go a long way towards it. You might as well spout at some tin tabernacle or little Bethel. You'll git plenty of "Ah!" and "Amen," but wot's wanted is *work*. And, let me tell you, Mister George, if you don't feel up to the job, give somebody else a charnce. You've 'ad a fair sinnin's and a good one. Now play the game.

* * * *

Everybody's very grateful for wot you done towards winnin' the wore, although they don't p'raps all agree as to 'ow much you *did* do. But it don't follow that they think you couldn't be replaced by as good, if not better, a man now there's a diff'rent sorter job to be done. . . . *'Oo do I propose?* That aint for me to say. I only knows you seem a jolly long time stopping the wicked waste wot's goin' on everywhere, although you've jawed a lot about it. . . . You'll excuse my plain speakin', sir. But it's due from man to man. . . . Good evenin', sir. Thank you.

Skin Trouble

CURED BY

Cadum Ointment

"For a long time I had an outbreak of eczema on my right arm," writes Nurse Beatrice Goodwin, of 46 Fielding Road, Bedford Park, W. "It was very virulent and caused me much pain. I applied many remedies, and used the best recognised means to take away the eruption, but the trouble spread and gave me increased pain. At last I tried Cadum Ointment, and was agreeably surprised at the effect of the first application. In a week the eczema was entirely gone, and the arm quite well again."

Pimples, blotches, ringworm, burns, chafing and all forms of skin trouble are quickly banished by this marvellous healer. The first application draws out the "fire and sting." The smarting ceases and a growth of new, healthy skin is at once stimulated.

Cadum Ointment

For Skin Troubles

At all Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/3 a box.

Take some with you

However long the wait between the Acts, the time will slip pleasantly by if you pass round **Sharp's Toffee Supreem.** It's simply irresistible with its unequalled creamy richness and melting flavour. The purest, most wholesome sweet you ever enjoyed. On *all* occasions be sure and *take some with you.*

Sold Everywhere.

Sharp's TOFFEE SUPREEM

EDWARD SHARP & SONS, LTD.
Kreem Works, Maidstone.

TROPHIES OF TRIUMPH.

"DEUTSCHLAND" SOUVENIRS NOW READY.

We give below a first list of Victory Souvenirs, manufactured from the metal taken from Germany's super-submarine—which was to effect the undoing of the British Fleet, and which, as our readers are aware, is now being exhibited at various popular resorts for the benefit of King George's Fund for Sailors. The irony of the vessel's fate is further emphasised by the fact that, by means of the Victory Souvenir scheme, every British home may secure a permanent memento of Von Tirpitz' egregious failure. Every souvenir bears an indelible guarantee of genuineness. Surely no more suitable present—especially for the members of the rising generation—could be devised.

Paper-weight, cast-iron, japanned, full figure of John Bull and his dog, about 4 inches high, weight about 1¼ lbs., 3s.

Head and bust of Mr. Bottomley, about 4½ inches high, 5s.

Plaques of Mr. Bottomley, Lord Haig, Lord Beatty, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau and President Wilson, 4s. each.

Iron cross, bronzed, 1s.

Model of vessel as brooch, with pin and catch, 1s.

Copper ash tray, round, 1s. 6d.

Ash tray, oblong, gilding metal, 1s. 6d.

Ash tray, oblong, white metal, 1s. 6d.

Serviette ring (two patterns), 4s.

Cigarette cases: to hold two packets small cigarettes, 9d.; small oblong, 4s.; large oblong, 5s.; large oxydised, 5s.; patent magazine pattern 4s.

Match box, 6d.

Tea spoon, crested, 1s. 6d.

Walking cane (red, black or white), white metal chased mount, crest of ship on top, 5s.

In addition to the above, we are also publishing a splendid illustrated booklet, price sixpence, containing full details of the wonderful mechanism of this under-sea monster, as well as excellent photographic postcards, price twopence, or in two sets of six each, price a shilling per set. All or any of the above may be obtained on board the *Deutschland*, or by post on application to the Secretary, "Victory Club," 26, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of each item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"IPSWICH EVENING STAR."—"They all proceeded to a FRIED FISH SHIP. . . . They all had SHIPS at another fish shop."

"EVENING STANDARD."—"Here also was a NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR composed of CONNAUGHT RANGERS whom Lord Allenby inspected."

"ROYAL CORNWALL GAZETTE" (advertisement).—"Wanted, Live Horses for slaughter . . . will GUARANTEE LAUGHTER."

"GLOUCESTER CITIZEN" (advertisement).—"Wanted to Buy, FARM FOR RABBITS TO CATCH."

"SUNDAY TIMES."—"Killed While BATHING: A foreman baker . . . was DRAWN INTO A BREAD-KNEADING MACHINE . . . and was killed instantly."

"HULL DAILY MAIL."—"Two women, charged with attempted suicide, were discharged on promising NOT TO TAKE THEIR LIVES AGAIN."

"BIRMINGHAM NEWS" (serial story).—"His grasp tightened, his TEETH CAME MORE QUICKLY."

"WOBURN AND DISTRICT REPORTER."—He found A DEAD CALF and a COW STRAYING ON THE SAME ROAD."

"YORKSHIRE OBSERVER."—"The Rev. ——— has been DESTROYED at Lumbrook, Shelf, by Mr. ———. For some weeks there have been MYSTERIOUS ATTACKS ON POULTRY in the district."

In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

Letters for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," page 18.

Patriotic "Platforms."

JOHN BULL should send speakers all over the country. We have platforms for the "Herald League," "Socialist Party," "Labour Party," etc., etc., but not *one* platform with a speaker who knows what he is talking about. Surely there are two sides to every question, yet nobody seems to take the trouble to deny the lies told by the seditious agitators.—ROBERT EDGAR EVANS, Gaskarth Road, S.W.12.

(*We are afraid that most of our staff are writers, rather than speakers; but we are still urging the Prime Minister to appoint a Director of Peace Propaganda.*)

"Pussyfoot" Campaign.

There is more in the "Pussyfoot" mission than meets the eye, and we should watch America carefully, for the relations here between Labour and Capital are sufficiently strained as it is, without the inevitable chaos which must follow if the workers' beer is taken away. Prohibition was carried out in the States, despite a five-to-one majority against in the Labour world. If there is prohibition here, the workers will be up in arms, strikes will be rampant, trade will decrease and—*America will smile.*—CLARENCE V. SMITH, Heath Road, Ashton-in-Makerfield, nr. Wigan.

(*We hope the result of Mr. "Pussyfoot's" visit will not be quite so alarming. Has our correspondent seen that photograph of Mr. Wilson smiling?*)

Industry and the Empire.

During the war, in order to realise the need for greater munitions output, Trade Union and Labour deputations visited France. I suggest the scheme be continued during peace, similar deputations visiting India, Africa, etc., seeing the practical result of *less production*, i.e., our Eastern and Empire markets flooded with American and Japanese goods. Increased production would then be realised as the vital factor; for to lose our markets to foreign competition will result in no work, wages, or profits at home!—G. W. ADAMTHWAITE, St. Hilda's Crescent, Leeds.

(*An excellent suggestion, and one which we commend to the attention of the Trades Unions.*)

Five Guineas is paid to the writer of the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Pryce.

Commercialised Cemeteries.

Why is it that "God's Acre" is commercialised to the extent it is to-day? The charges for ground in cemeteries have gone up so much that it now costs anything from £10 to £20 for an ordinary burial. The private companies which run most of our cemeteries pay large dividends. This unholy state of affairs should be remedied. All cemeteries should be under the control of Town and County Councils, and the charges for burials should be reasonable.—A. B. PRYCE, Hermand Terrace, Edinburgh.

(*We quite agree that if there is one thing above all others which ought to be under public control, it is the burial or cremation of the dead.*)

Fire Protection.

The non-protection of rural districts from fire is a matter calling for Government action. Every town, village and farm could be protected if the Government would enlarge upon the co-ordination scheme now in existence in various localities. Co-ordinate areas on the county basis (with sub-areas where necessity demands) and appoint a senior officer with power to order the attendance of any Brigade and appliances which circumstances justified. Any additional expense incurred by local authorities under the scheme should be met by a Government grant, conditional upon a Brigade being certified as efficient.—M. H. BREWER, Second Officer, Ketting Fire Brigade.

(*We quite agree that the red tape arrangements connected with local Fire Brigades should be abolished. We have frequently exposed glaring instances of the working of the present system.*)

M.P.s and their Constituencies.

As soon as they have obtained their seat in Parliament, many Members consider their promises to their electors either already fulfilled or conveniently forgotten. Every constituency ought to insist on a public meeting at regular intervals at which their representative may place before his voters the progress of affairs in the House, and what he has done in his electors' interests.—W. GARNETT, Luxor View, Harehills, Leeds.

(*Why not an annual circular to constituents, which could be sent free through the post, as in the case of election addresses?*)

Unfair "Privileges."

No commercial undertaking can afford to grant its employees purchasing advantages of any article produced, unless such undertaking is a paying proposition. State subsidies are necessary to cover railway deficits, and big increases in the price of coal are necessary to meet cost of production. Yet railway companies allow their servants travelling facilities at greatly reduced rates, and miners have coal at pit-head prices.—J. CHAMBERS, 8, Rushton Rd., Borton.

(*We would refer our correspondent to the Editor's article in last Sunday's "Pictorial,"—"Stop Those Subsidies."*)

"Land of the Free."

Men saturated with that loathsome disease Bolshevism, spout at street corners or in the parks, inflaming the passions of ignorant working men! Labour leaders at Congress meetings get up and threaten the Government with all sorts of dire penalties if it refuses to carry out their behests. But one can't arrest them, because England is the land of Free Speech! Let us pray that none of us live to say: "A pity the Germans did not win the war." And that's that!—L. DELANY, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, E.

(*We have frequently directed the attention of the authorities to these park orators and others of the same type. There is a wide difference between freedom and licence.*)

CRIMINAL WASTE.

AMAZING DISCLOSURES BY RESPONSIBLE OFFICIALS.

A correspondent serving in France with the Munitions Recovery Department gives us "a tip from the horse's mouth." Open confession, they say, is good for the soul, and there is certainly a refreshing candour about our friend's statements. "My pay," he tells us, "runs into hundreds of pounds per annum, yet I have done nothing in the six weeks I have been here that could not have been done by an office boy or female clerk of 18 years of age." And again, "We are doing absolutely nothing, but spending money as fast as we can. It is monstrous, and although it means the loss of my position, I should be glad to see it cancelled." It appears that a good deal of the work, which consists ostensibly of recovering surplus munitions accumulated in France before the cessation of hostilities, is in the hands of Chinese Labour Companies, and we gather that some of the coolies have developed the practice of "ca' canny" to an extent that no Westerner could ever hope to emulate. Our correspondent has figured it out that the average Chinese labourer, who costs the War Office approximately £3 a week, is worth about 10s. weekly on a comparison of labour values, so that it would be greatly to the advantage of the taxpayer if these leisurely gentry were dismissed with our best thanks, and their places filled by British workmen. A still more profitable expedient might be to dispose of part, at any rate, of the surplus stocks as they stand, making the best bargain possible on the spot, so as to save the enormous costs of collection and transport. Our friend's strictures, every word of which is endorsed by another responsible official, are certainly an eye-opener, and tend to confirm our worst suspicions of criminal waste. No wonder we are adding to the war debt at the rate of £2,000,000 a day!

HUNGRY HALL!

THE AMENITIES OF A "PRIVATE HOTEL."

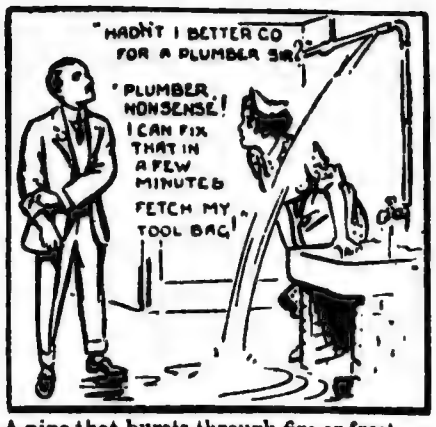
"The fact is, it ain't a Hall," observed Mr. Wackford Squeers on a memorable occasion. "We call it a Hall up in London, because it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in these parts." The parallel may not be quite exact, for we understand that Hendre Hall, Barmouth, North Wales, a pretentious boarding establishment conducted by a Miss Owen, is notorious under its own grandiloquent name, or picturesque variants thereof, in the town, while of course it is a case not of "Dotheboys," but of "doing-the-visitors" at four or five guineas a week. It appears that the food recently supplied has been of the poorest quality, including such special delicacies as musty potatoes, stringy beans, rancid bacon, and "fresh" meat which a lady visitor, versed in natural history, identifies as "Manchurian cow." The elaborate brochure in which Miss Owen commends the "home comforts" is calculated to excite happy expectations, and it is easy to imagine the disgust of two London ladies who, after a nine hours' railway journey, were informed that the rooms they had booked months ahead were not available, no hint of apology being offered. Although the disappointed guests were paying £4 4s. each weekly, the room substituted was very poorly furnished, one choice ornament being a "dressing table" consisting of a rough wooden box, cheaply draped, and surmounted by a swing mirror. We understand that the dissatisfaction of visitors to Hendre Hall, which has been rife all the season, culminated recently in a joint protest, which was received by the proprietress with the greatest rudeness, her attitude being that if guests were not satisfied they could "pack up and go." Unless matters are soon mended, we fear this brisk expedient may be forced upon the mistress of Hendre Hall.

GROSS CONTEMPT OF COURT.

BLUE FRIGHTENERS FOR WAR HEROES.

It is a curious psychological fact that some folks are terrified out of their wits by the sight of a bit of blue paper, a circumstance of which some tradespeople, and a few landlords, are ready to make unscrupulous use. A favourite form of these "penny frighteners" is that headed "Notice Before Proceeding in the County Court," usually coupled with an impudent reference to "9th and 10th Victoria, cap. 25," the County Court Act, 1848. We need hardly say that there is not a shadow of legal warrant for this form of intimidation, which appears to be much in favour with certain firms, among them Messrs. Douglas & Co., Musical Instrument Manufacturers, of 7, South Street, Finsbury, E.C. There is no legal "notice" required before commencing proceedings in the County Court, the object of these blue circulars being to bluff or frighten people into the belief that the aid of the law has been invoked when nothing of the sort has happened. Just recently a similar ruse has been practised by small property owners seeking to evade the law that protects their tenants from eviction. At Stratford, an old soldier with 17 years' service, finally "crocked" in the present war, received notice to quit from his landlord on a form obviously intended to reflect the blue terrors of the law—the fact that the tenant could not be evicted without an application to the Magistrates being, of course, studiously concealed. This formidable document was further garnished with alleged extracts from newspaper reports of ejectment proceedings, "How to Get Out a Refractory Tenant," etc. It seems that this farrago of bluff and bluster had been concocted by a firm of house agents at 280, High Road, Leyton, who apparently thought anything good enough for a gallant fellow who was spent in fighting the Huns.

BE YOUR OWN WORKMAN.

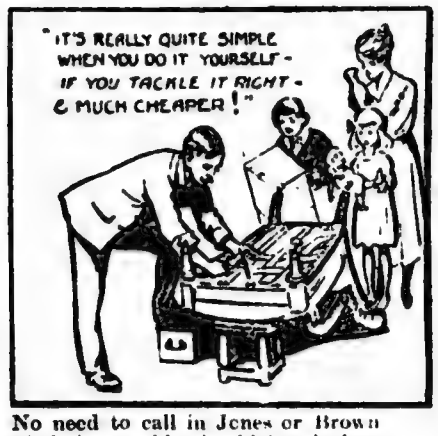


A pipe that bursts through fire or frost
Can be repaired at little cost.

"HERE ARE ALFREDS SCHOOL BOOTS WORN OUT AGAIN - AND SHOE MAKERS CHARGES ARE RUMOUS THESE DAYS!"
DONT WORRY DEAR GIVE 'EM TO ME I'LL DO THEM!
I'VE JUST DONE MY OWN!"

Why pay what boot-repairers ask
When cobbling's such an easy task?

When paint requires renewing, *you*
Can do it—very cheaply too!



No need to call in Jones or Brown
If chair or table should break down.

Wallpapers are with ease renewed
No need for workman to intrude.

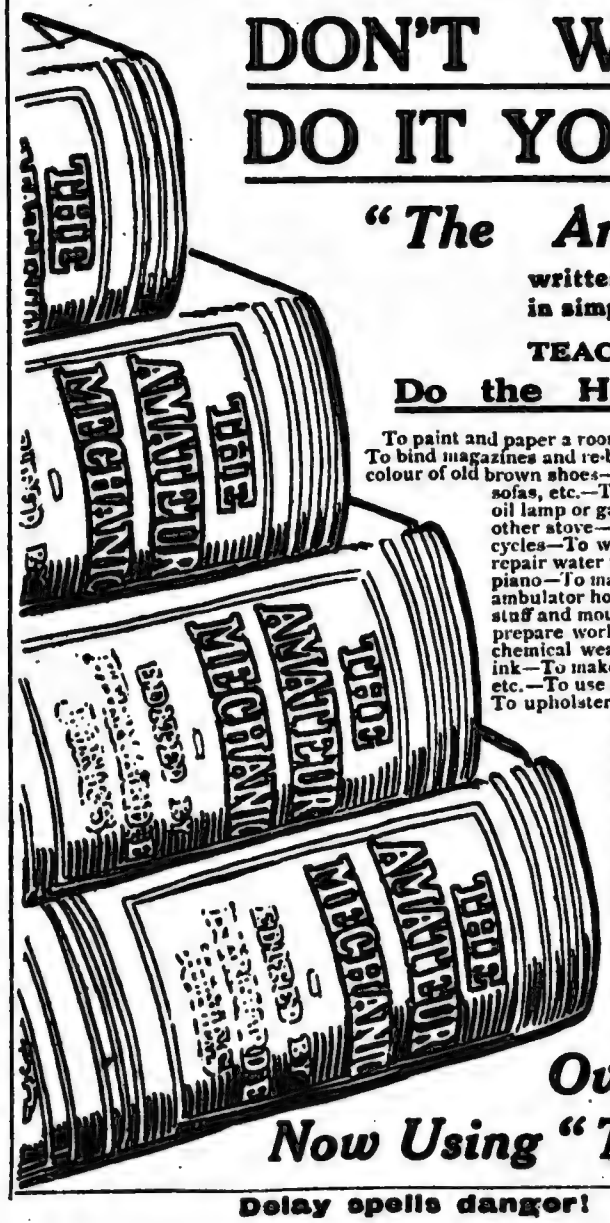
If you should think of fixing shelves,
Learn how to do the job yourselves.

And why enlist the upholsterer's aid
When lino is so simply laid?

So sign the coupon and become,
A "handyman" indeed at home!

Save Money and Time in the Home.

DON'T WAIT FOR THE WORKMAN
DO IT YOURSELF—AND SAVE MONEY.



"The Amateur Mechanic,"

written by Skilled Craftsmen in simple non-mechanical language,

TEACHES YOU HOW TO

Do the Home Jobs that Cost Money

To paint and paper a room—To sole and heel and patch boots and shoes—To mount maps—To bind magazines and re-bind old books—To make a pair of hand-sewn boots—To restore colour of old brown shoes—To make household furniture—To re-seat chairs—To upholster sofas, etc.—To instal a speaking tube—To make a wire bracket for placing over oil lamp or gas bracket so that food can be heated over it—To clean a Primus or other stove—To repair bicycles—To overhaul a motor car—To repair motor-cycles—To work in metal—To colour metals—To make a garden frame—To repair water taps—To varnish a violin—To remedy damp walls—To repair the piano—To make a padded chair from an old cask—To make mailcart and perambulator hoods—To mend penknives—To stuff animals—To dress furs—To stuff and mount birds—To do wood inlaying—To cure a smoky chimney—To prepare working drawings and how to read working drawings—To make a chemical weather glass—To renovate a grandfather's clock—To make invisible ink—To make garden furniture, arbours, arches, seats, summerhouses, tables, etc.—To use metal drilling tools—To clean book covers—To renovate mirrors—To upholster furniture in leather cloth—To mend broken china—To do fret work—To build a boat—To make a canoe, etc.—To lime white poultry houses—To do gold-plating and silver-plating—To clean a watch—To mend keyless watches and ordinary watches—To distemper ceilings and walls—To make picture frames and to frame pictures—All about curtain fittings—To make metal castings—To make tracing paper, waterproof paper, fireproof paper, etc.—To clean paint off glass—To fit up a motor workshop—To clean boilers—To fix an anthracite stove—To re-guild and restore picture frames—How to use spanners—To make doors and windows draught proof—To paint walls—To make a garden path—How to do nickel plating—To cure noises in hot-water pipes—To make soap at home—India and glue varnishes—To clean and repair locks—All about acids for etching metals—Micrometers, and how to make and use them—How to make plaster casts, etc., etc.

THIS IS MONEY-SAVING KNOWLEDGE

Over 45,000 Citizens are Now Using "The Amateur Mechanic."

Buyers' Praise is the Best Advertisement.

Mr. T. O. RIORDAN, Upper Tooting, London, writes:
"With absolutely no knowledge of the trade to guide me, after reading the article in 'The Amateur Mechanic' on Boot-making, I was able to make a pair of boots, partly hand sewn and partly riveted, and to make them well. Since then I have made a very fine pair of lady's shoes. I consider that **nothing I can say about the work would be too much praise.**"

Mr. SHEARON, Burnley, writes:—
"This closes my account, but I hope to keep in touch with your firm in future. To add the personal touch I may say I am discharged and am now partially disabled. **These books are putting money into my pocket.**"

Mr. RUSSELL, Charlton, London, S.E., writes:
"The volumes are even better than your advertisements state. They will always be of the greatest assistance to the handy man. **They not only instruct they point out where others fail.**"

Mr. LOWE, Anderton, near Chorley, writes:
"Everything the handyman wants to know is to be found in 'The Amateur Mechanic.' If he can't find what he wants here, it is not worth knowing. **I cannot praise the book too highly.**"

SEND FOR FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET
Showing Specimen Pages from the Work.

SIGN AND RETURN TO-DAY

To the WAVERLEY BOOK CO., Ltd. (J.B. 2. Dept.)
7, 8 and 9, Old Bailey, London, E.C.4.

Please send me without charge or obligation your Free Illustrated Booklet containing all particulars of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC," also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments, after delivery.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B 2. 1919.

Delay spells danger! Accept our Free Fire Insurance offer to-day. See page 20.

WAR OFFICE SHIELDS

Startling Reduction in Court-Martial Sentence on Sir D

By THE EDITO

WHEN Parliament reassembles on October 22nd, the first Order of the Day will be the Report stage of the Aliens Restriction Bill, and, in conjunction with my honourable friends Sir John Butcher, Sir Herbert Nield, Sir Ernest Wild, Major Christopher Lowther, Sir Joynson-Hicks, Mr. Ronald McNeill, and other stalwarts, I shall do my best to ginger the Government up to the fulfilment of its election pledges. In the meantime, I this week propose to enlighten the public in regard to yet another instance of the alien peril—showing how an officer in the British Army, with German blood in his veins, abused his position in a very gross manner; and how, worse still, through his social station, the scandal was hushed up—with the result that, instead of paying the full penalty awarded him after conviction on several grave charges by Court-Martial, this Hun-blooded officer has, on the initiative of the Army Council, received a substantial modification of his sentence; whilst apparently the whole scandal has been hushed up. There was a time when such a disclosure would have meant the downfall of any Government, or at any rate the dismissal of any Minister responsible for so heinous a crime against the State. But, as the French say, "Other times, other manners." We are all good, obedient children, serving God and honouring the Prime Minister! And now for my story.

Sir Derrick Wernher.

It concerns Sir Derrick Julius Wernher, eldest son of the late Sir Julius C. Wernher, the well-known South African financier, who was senior partner in the firm of Wernher, Beit & Co.—and a naturalised German. Derrick succeeded to the title in the year 1912, and entered the new British Army in 1917 as Lieutenant, quickly rising to the rank of temporary Captain in the Royal Army Service Corps. He was subsequently sent out with a command to Salonica, with the temporary rank of Major. To what extent he distinguished himself in the field I am unable to say—the first news I personally have of him being that in May last he was arrested by the military authorities at Salonica and charged with four separate offences. I have not the Charge Sheet before me, but such offences were of a sufficiently glaring character to justify trial by Court-Martial, when Wernher was found guilty on three of the four counts—of so grave a nature that the Court-Martial passed a sentence "cashiering" him from the Army. This sentence, I may explain, is the most severe—short of the death penalty—which can be inflicted upon any officer. It involves not only the loss of his Commission, but also a permanent disqualification from serving the State in any capacity.

Startling Reduction in Sentence.

Derrick Wernher, as I have explained, is the son of a millionaire. It is true that his record before the war is not one of which he can be proud—indeed, owing to his vagaries, his father limited his income to a relatively small sum, giving trustees discretion as to increasing or decreasing, or even cancelling it altogether—according to his behaviour. Still, he was a Wernher, and although his father has been dead for some years, his mother (*née* Miss Mankiewicz) is still living, and is doubtless a lady of social position. In addition to this fact, his brother—and heir—married Lady Anastasia Michaelovna (Zia) Torby, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who was granted by Royal Warrant style and precedence as an Earl's daughter. Now, I am not going to suggest that either of these ladies has any special influence in political circles, or brought any particular pressure to bear upon the War Office, but, at any rate, there they are; and who can doubt that that fact had some bearing upon what subsequently happened? No sooner had the sentence at the Court-Martial been promulgated than a Petition to the King was presented by Derrick, through the Army Council, and on the third of this month the following letter came from the War Office:—

> *I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that the petition submitted by Sir D. J. Wernher, formerly a Temporary Captain (Acting Major) in the Royal Army Service Corps, in respect of his trial by General Court-Martial, has been laid before the King, and in the result His Majesty has been pleased to quash the conviction on the first Charge and commute the sentence of Cashiering into one of Dismissal from His Majesty's Service.*

And so Derrick Wernher escapes the full stigma which a Court-Martial, consisting of his brother officers, felt was his just due, and is, presumably, still "a gentleman at large."

Derrick's Genealogy.

Now let me, for a moment, trace the genealogy of this Sir Derrick Julius Wernher, second Baronet. He was born on 7th June, 1889, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1912. Here is his lineage: Wilhelm Wernher, Privy Councillor and President of the Court of Appeal, Darmstadt, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, left a son—Frederick August Wernher, of Frankfort, Germany, born 23rd May, 1811, married, 6th July, 1844, Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. C. Weidenbusch, of Darmstadt. She died 4th January, 1894. He died 13th May, 1887, leaving, with other issue, a son—Sir Julius Charles Wernher, first Baronet, of Luton Hoo Park, Luton, Beds., Crown Governor of Imperial College of Science and Technology; held Prussian Order of the Crown, Second Class, born 9th April, 1850; created a Baronet, 2nd August, 1905; married, 12th June, 1888, Alice Sedgwick (Luton Hoo Park, Luton, Beds., and Bath House, Piccadilly, W.), daughter of James Mankiewicz, of Pembridge Square, W. He died 21st May, 1912, leaving issue: (1) Derrick Julius (Sir), Second and present Baronet; (2) Harold Augustus (heir presumptive), Lieutenant 12th Lancers and temporary Major Machine Gun Corps, born 16th January, 1893; (3) Alexander Pigott, Second Lieutenant Welsh Guards, born 18th January, 1897; killed in action 10th September, 1916. Let me give full credit to the two brothers, one of whom, Alexander Pigott, thus fell gallantly on the field of battle, the other still holding the rank of Lieutenant in the 12th (Prince of Wales' Royal) Lancers, attached to the Machine Gun Corps. It is rough luck that these two officers, who have well justified their title to British citizenship, should have been cursed with such a brother, and such innocent parties have my sincerest sympathy—but that fact in no way affects the case with which I am now concerned. The point is that the German blood is there, and, in the case of the man with whom I am dealing, it asserted itself to the advantage of the enemy during the darkest days of our Empire's trial. And can we really very greatly wonder at it? Who can doubt that young Derrick was reared and nurtured in a German atmosphere? In May, 1909—three years before his death—the late Sir Julius offered to subscribe towards an increase in the stipend of the Taylorian Professorship of German at Oxford University—whilst a year later he made a handsome gift to the Groote Schuur University (wherever that may be). And I regret to have to think that since his death the Hunnish element in his household has survived. For instance, in July of last year I received complaints from land workers at the family seat of the Wernhers. These girls, it appeared, had to sleep in implement sheds containing no windows, although there was a manure tank and a good supply of mice! The bedding consisted of a

ARMS OF SIR DERRI
WERNHER, 2ND BA

Creation.—August 2nd, 1

Arms.—Red the head
iron in saltire silver, issuing
of a mount green, and in
sinister base a mullet of six

Crest.—Between two cle
the dexter by fess red and
sinister by fess gold and
black, thereon a mullet as in

LDS TITLED OFFICER.

n Sir Derrick Julius Wernher—No Mercy for Others.

IE EDITOR.

spread of straw, for the use of which the girls paid 2s. a week—and they were also allowed to buy skimmed milk from the farm. On the other hand, although the grounds of Luton Hoo are prolific in produce, they were not permitted to purchase even the simplest vegetables, being compelled to walk 2½ miles to the nearest village for that purpose. How far Lady Julius was aware of this state of affairs I am unable to say; it is just the kind of thing one expects to find in a household founded by a Privy Councillor of Darmstadt. And on looking over my files, I find that other members of the family have not been altogether immune from criticism during the war. For instance, at the Spittlegate Petty Sessions, Lady Zia Wernher was, early in 1918, fined £5 for a breach of the Motor Spirit Order, and £1 for driving a motor-car without a licence. She had driven the car to a shooting-party, although, for national reasons, the use of petrol for pleasure was strictly forbidden. A feature of the case was that a gentleman who used another car upon the occasion, but against whom no proceedings were instituted, was said to be a General, and to have utilised a Government motor—consuming Government petrol. A Colonel was also out driving, but he had the grace to use his own car. It was clear that in regard to these officers' offences some influence had restrained the hand of authority, the summonses being limited to those against Lady Wernher. Altogether, a none too patriotic episode.

R DERRICK JULIUS
2ND BARONET.

st 2nd, 1905.
e head of a grappling
er, issuing from the base
and in the dexter and
llet of six points gold.
two elephants' trunks
; red and gold, and the
old and red a lozenge
ullet as in the arms.

Why No Public Announcement?

However, to return to Derrick, there are one or two questions I want to ask. First of all, why up to the present has no announcement of his dismissal from the Army appeared in the *London Gazette*? Next, I want to know upon what ground the sentence of cashiering was commuted to one of simple dismissal? Every soldier knows the fundamental difference between the two classes of punishment. Was the military record of Derrick Wernher so brilliant as to entitle him to this special consideration; and, above all, what Minister of the Crown, if any, was responsible for advising His Majesty in the matter? I decline to believe that Mr. Churchill would have countenanced such a procedure, and await with confidence his official disclaimer. And, finally, we are entitled to know whether either Lady Julius Wernher or Countess Zia Wernher interested herself on behalf of her unworthy relative. That such things are done is no secret. Quite recently I had before me the case of a young officer who was dismissed His Majesty's service, after a conviction by Court-Martial upon a grave charge, but who was mysteriously reinstated as the result of powerful female intervention; and I want to be quite certain that nothing of the kind has happened here.

The Power of the Petticoat.

If there is one thing that the British public has set its face against in the war it is the sinister power of social influence. There was the case of the lady who used her position to ruin a young officer who refused to respond to her amorous advances. That young officer to-day is broken and forlorn; then we had the Leverton Harris business, in which feminine influence was exercised in favour of princely Hun prisoners—and in the result led to the removal of a gallant officer from his position in an internment camp. He was sent to the Front because he had done his duty, and to-day he is suffering because he would not be a party to special privileges for the hated enemy. Social influence has shielded the wrongdoer and has led to the victimisation of men of patriotic instincts. It will be a bad day for this country if ever it should become a fixed belief in the public mind that the law—and, above all, military law in time of war—is put into rigorous operation where the accused person is of small social account, and is tempered with something other than mercy—with favouritism—when the guilty man happens to bear a title or is able to command what is called social influence. Such a belief may not operate so seriously while we have a conscript force; it cannot but have the worst of influences when we return to normal conditions.

No Mercy for Others.

What we need in the Army is equal-handed justice—a fair trial and no favour—not the death sentence for the humble individual and whitewashing for the man of position. In "Shot at Dawn," which revealed the cruel callousness of a system that exacted the death penalty for a sudden failure of nerve, I did my best to voice public opinion and public reprobation of the existing methods of Courts-Martial. In that case, a gallant lad, born and bred of the sea, wholly unsuited to land warfare, was found guilty of cowardice in face of the enemy. The circumstances surrounding his case might well have softened the stoniest heart; the officers of the Court-Martial unanimously recommended the boy to mercy. But their plea availed nothing; he was kept in ignorance of his fate until within a few hours of the end; he was taken out in the grey dawn and shot. His story, which I was able—after months of investigation—to piece together, was one so poignant—so human—that I make bold to say he would have been alive to-day if that appeal for justice for his memory, which reached me from his sorrowing parents, had come to me from the living lad. But, at the worst, the crime of this poor boy was sudden failure of nerve. How different when, as in the case of Derrick Wernher, it involves conduct which a Court-Martial visits with the sentence of cashiering. I am all in favour of appeal from Courts-Martial where the offence is of a grave character—and the sentence is commensurately heavy. But such appeal should be to a properly constituted judicial tribunal, and not "to the King"—who, of course, can have no personal knowledge of the facts, and is compelled to rely upon the advice of his Minister, or the Army Council. This view I urged with all the force at my command when serving on the Courts-Martial Committee, and I am not without hope of a just reform being effected. But I am wholly opposed to social influence being brought to bear to protect titled culprits. And here, again, I say that whilst I have no evidence, and am, therefore, not entitled to suggest that any lady member of the family intervened on behalf of Wernher, I assert without hesitation that the fact of this man's powerful social connections most undoubtedly told in his favour. Let us see the full Indictment and what is called in military law the Summary of Evidence; let us have the actual findings of the Court-Martial; and then let us compare these proceedings with those in similar cases and see what happened to the respective culprits. There are many young officers who, believing they have been unjustly treated, have appealed to the Army Council—and their appeal has been in vain. What circumstances, I ask, what special considerations, have weighed with the authorities to grant the petition of Sir Derrick Julius Wernher? During the war it was my proud privilege to be the mouthpiece of the fighting man whom we colloquially called "Tommy," and I feel that my mission did not cease with the signing of the Armistice. You will note I do not say the signing of Peace—for we are a long way yet from "Peace," except in the most technical of senses. Until the whole aftermath of the struggle is cleared up I shall consider, to use the phrase of the Prime Minister, that I am still "Leading Counsel" for Tommy—and Jack; although, unlike the right hon. gentleman, I shall not in any circumstances "throw up my brief." I shall, therefore, when Parliament reassembles, insist upon probing the mystery of the scandal of Derrick Julius Wernher.

JOHN BULL AT PLAY.

RACING, FOOTBALL, BOXING, CRICKET, TENNIS AND OTHER SPORTING NOTES.

Racing.

When are our racecourse executives going to remodel their programmes? A little more originality is needed. What did before the war will not do now. The conditions of many races, especially Selling events, could be made far more attractive to owners.

Surely it is about time that the value of Selling races were increased. The £150 race, with a £50 Selling clause, no longer has its charm for owners now that the value of horses has gone up 100 per cent. and more. A £500 race, winner to be sold for "same amount," or allowances on a graduating scale, is more in keeping with what is wanted. Wake up, executives!

Unless our judgment is at fault, Roman Bachelor is a nailing good two-year-old—the best that has come from Ireland for some years. He runs at Newbury this week. *Verb. sap.*

Arion's wind infirmity is getting a lot worse.

Boxing.

We were rather disgusted with the indiscretions of the crowd at the Holborn Stadium, on the occasion of the Criqui and Ross fight. Whilst it was obvious that Criqui held a winning lead, it was unfortunate for the Frenchman that he had to finish off the contest in a manner that could not wholly have appealed to his sporting instincts.

Boxing crowds, in their excitement, are too prone to demonstrate during the progress of a fight, and also to take upon themselves the functions of the referee. On this occasion, such was the clamour that no one seemed to know that the gong had saved Ross, in the fourteenth, and with the seconds in the ring, and general confusion in the fifteenth round, the half-dazed Scotsman was apparently oblivious to the fact that the fight had to proceed. Criqui had no alternative but to make the best of the situation, and may be said to have let his man down lightly—in the circumstances.

So Beckett and Carpentier, despite all the rumours, are coming to grips, after all. Had Carpentier failed to come up to the scratch, his reputation would have been tarnished for ever, whatever may be the opinions as to him having been permitted so much grace. That Mr. Cochran should have decided to stage the bout at the Holborn Stadium—instead of waiting for a more commodious *renue*—is an earnest of his desire to keep faith with the public, whatever the financial sacrifice—which, in this case, must be very heavy.

Do he well or ill, "Bombardier" Wells seems to possess the secret of enduring popularity. The keenest interest is being evinced in his determination to "come back." Curphey is cited as his first opponent, and Wells will have to get in at the early door to beat him. His fatal fault has been to start too late.

In our opinion Dr. Guttery, in his address to the Free Church Council Convention, made rather an ass of himself in referring to recent boxing contests (he called them prize fights) being more brutal and beastly than any he had even "read of." If he knew the history of the pugilistic ring from first-hand evidence instead of his "read of," he would appreciate the absurdity of his comparison.

How refreshing it is to turn from the Guttery balderdash to the utterances of a real sportsman, the Hon. Nevile Lytton, who refers to the professional boxing champion as "a pretty remarkable man entitled to a remarkable salary," and asserts that "he can only maintain his supremacy by a great output of character and energy." Joe Beckett, the Champion himself, has floored this Dr. Guttery with the retort that a successful boxer has to be morally and physically perfect to hold his own.

Billiards, Trotting, etc.

Tom Aiken, of Scotland, is one of the gentlemen professionals of the billiards' world, and everyone will welcome his decision to play in the Championship. Meanwhile we are being bored by the customary "argufying" in the papers by the leading players. There seems to be more printers' ink than common sense about in these affairs, which suggests that the profession is overloaded with swelled heads and petty jealousies.

It is entertaining to read that seven drivers, "none being anxious to win," were fined £5 each after a recent trotting "race" had been declared void. Seven years each would have been our verdict.

Who are the dear old ladies responsible for the Olympic Games' propaganda in this country? What is alleged to be the official programme of events was published in Canada and America seven weeks ago, and has found its way into the English Press after twice crossing the Atlantic.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

GATWICK—WEDNESDAY.
Stayers' Handicap—IVANHOE.
Crawter Nursery—SANTAVON.
Redhill Welter—*BIRD'S NEST.

GATWICK—THURSDAY.
County Nursery—TARTRAZINE.
Mole Selling Plate—*HARLBAKE.
Surrey Plate—LACROSSE.

PONTEFRACT—WEDNESDAY.
West Riding Handicap—WILLIAM ALLENBY
Leeds Handicap—*WODEN.

PONTEFRACT—THURSDAY.
Fryston Nursery—URAL.
Grove Hall Welter—*TOLUOL.
Stapleton Handicap—LADY BAYARDO.

NEWBURY—FRIDAY.
United Services' Cup—BACHELOR'S DANCE.
Newbury Autumn Cup—SILVER BULLET
Foal Stakes—*WIMASU.

NEWBURY—SATURDAY.
Highclere Nursery—*ROMAN BACHELOR.
Whatcombe Handicap—ALL FEATHERS.
Lambourne Welter—TOM POWRIE.

We hope that Frank Sugg, the Lancashire cricketer, and J. B. Hobbs, the famous Surrey man, are not chewing the cud over the remarkable coincidence that has brought them together as next door neighbours in Fleet Street, as athletic outfitters. The story is that, when the leases were taken, in neither case did the parties concerned know the nature of the next door business. It will be a most entertaining Surrey *v.* Lancashire contest.

Our £1,000 Football Competition

For result, see page 20.

We are glad that Barry and Felton have settled their little difficulty over the Sculling Championship. The hitch on the score of starting time, which held up negotiations, appeared to be trivial, but so far as the Australian is concerned, the point was very important. Felton's contention was that he would be handicapped by a start later than 2 o'clock, owing to the river traffic beginning to move, as high-water time approached. Barry, being a Thames waterman, would naturally have an advantage, but like "good sportsmen," the men have arrived at a compromise, the scheduled time being 2.15.

Football.

It amuses us immensely that so many football critics and officials should have taken panic over the offside rule, just because McCracken, the Newcastle back, reduced the Chelsea forwards to pulp by what is termed the one-back game. What McCracken did was, of course, perfectly legitimate and amazingly clever, and we have yet to hear a sensible suggestion for an alteration of the rule to place a premium on such supreme skill. The Chelsea professors were lacking in resource, and we question whether a Corinthian forward line would ever give McCracken so much rope.

Apropos of the Corinthians, the famous amateur club is in for a healthy revival; all the healthier for the healing of the football "split." May we express a hope that the Corinthians will not be too exclusive in their selections? There is no room for Henley tactics in this democratic sport.

A Londoner in Plymouth sends us a protest against a paragraph on the Argyle programme which, in reference to the previous Saturday's match with Millwall, says, "Russell (the Plymouth right-back) was stoned by the crowd." Our correspondent, who is a Millwall enthusiast, asks us whether we could "pipe down" the Argyle by way of retort. The only "piping down" that seems necessary is of some of the football programme editors who indulge in blind and rabid partisanship.

We raise our hat to the doyen of football internationals, William Meredith, who is standing out against being sold like cattle for a heavy transfer fee. This traffic in human flesh has always been a sore point with us.

In their righteous indignation—bless their innocent hearts—the Football Players' Union have issued a protest against the coupon betting system. It would be interesting to know whether the prominent professional player who does the football tips for a morning paper is a member of the Union. *Inter alia*, if the Players' Union think the coupon system leads to crooked games, is not this a serious reflection on the integrity of their members?

Our very much alive contemporary, the *National News*, is to be congratulated on the success of its football forecasts. No Sunday paper caters better for sportsmen of all kinds, and its latest is a £50 prize for a double on the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, which, we feel sure, will make a wide appeal to the sporting readers of JOHN BULL.

Elsewhere we give the results in our first Football Competition, as many as seventy-one having succeeded in sending in an all-correct coupon. Accordingly the £1,000 prize is divided amongst them. Another £1,000 is offered this week for the results of eighteen matches. Failing that, £500 will be awarded to the sender of seventeen results. If neither of these prizes is won, £100 will be paid for the best forecast received. Coupon will be found on page iii. of cover.

Miscellaneous.

Is there a purer amateur sport than hockey, which is played for the game's sake without the adventitious aid of cups and medals, and is in for a healthy revival? Two former hon. secs. of the Hockey Association, Phillip Collins and J. A. Lovell, were killed in the war. Their successor is A. D. Stocks, a veritable wizard with the hockystick and immensely popular.

A veritable sportsman's El Dorado is the London Flying Club at Hendon. With its varied attractions it promises to out-Ranelagh Ranelagh. But why import its musicians from Hawaii when there is so much native talent about glad to get a good job?

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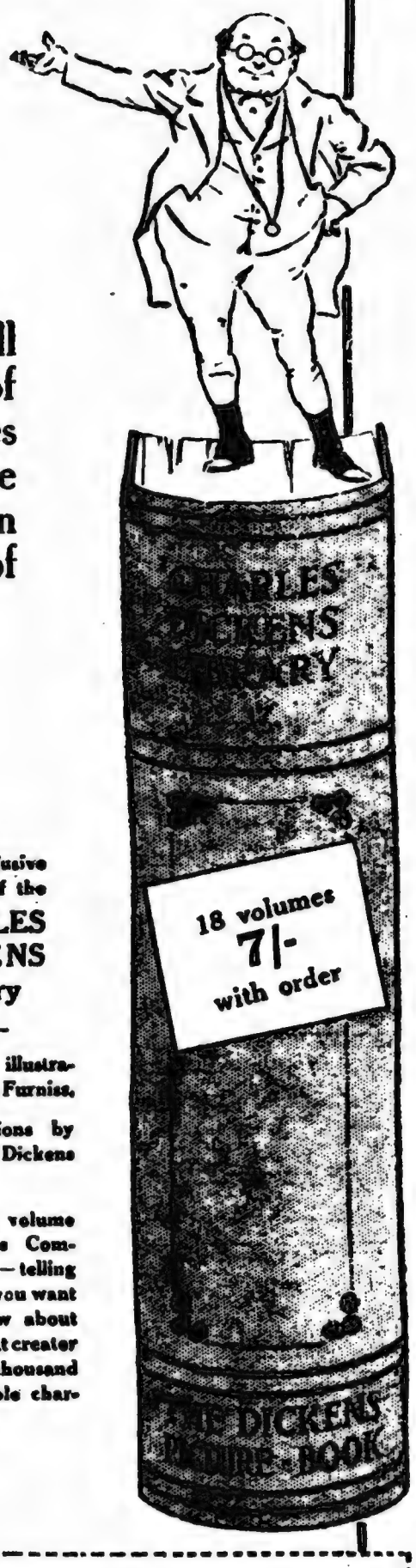

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OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Exit Tips:—At St. Martin's Camp, Boulogne, a notice is displayed promising court-martial to any soldier who solicits or offers a tip for services rendered on dispersal, and stating that any officer who "winks" at the practice will be similarly dealt with. We should like to see the same sword hung over the heads of men in camps nearer home. What is good for the one is much needed in the other.

That Rupee:—Temporary R.A.M.C. officers are engaged on a sterling rate of salary, but when sent to India they are paid in rupees—which means that they are very heavily out of pocket. Matters in this connection are adjusted for the regular officer, and we consider it a crime to victimise the temporary man to help the Treasury. Not in that way does the nation want economy.

"S.O.S.":—There is not a job in the world more repugnant than that in the hands of our re-burial parties in France and Flanders, and we confess we do not like the complaints sent to us day by day from the Labour companies. Most of them are badly "housed," badly fed, and cannot obtain tobacco. The conditions under which the men work are nauseous. We demand that they be given ample and nourishing food, and a free and a generous ration of the very necessary tobacco. The nation is rich enough to foot the latter bill.

Iron Rations:—The P.O.W. Company at Templeuve, France, state that they have lived on iron rations since they arrived at the camp nine weeks ago. It may be good economy for the Government to get rid of its tinned "muck," but we suggest that they should do so through the Dispersal Department and give Tommy better food.

The Cenotaph:—We understood that the cenotaph to our fallen men was to be erected at the public expense; but here we have a letter from the Royal Fusiliers on the Rhine indicating that a collection for the purpose has been made in the battalion. This is a matter that should receive the O.C.'s. attention—or perhaps it would be better if the G.O.C. made an inquiry.

"JACK."

A Good Precedent:—Our Admirals dined and wined by the men of the lower deck—good! And the spirit that prevailed was in keeping with the splendid comradeship that exists among all ranks and ratings of our glorious Senior Service.

Begging for their Due:—The crew of H.M.S. *Marshal Ney* have for some time been begging for the gratuities and mess savings due to them, without result, the amount being £29. The men in the barracks at Sheerness have received their dues; but the outlying ships are neglected—so we would ask the Paymaster Commander to look into the matter.

"All Work; No Play":—H.M.S. *Hopeat* has been at Zeebrugge since January, and the crew have not during the whole of that time been granted a leave. They have been hard at it up to 18 hours a day in all weathers without a "Spell-O!" As all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, we offer an appeal on behalf of the men.

Prize Money:—Our friends in the "too loose and too long" blues whisper to us that the question of prize money has become too much for their intellects. It shows the sympathy between Jack and ourselves, for we are in the same boat.

Pay, Pay, Pay!:—Again we have to complain about the methods of pay on some of our vessels. This time it is on H.M.S. *Vulcan*, whose crew last week did not receive the quarterly settlement due on 1st July. The men are whistling for other allowances and asking us to present the case to the Admiralty, which we willingly do.

Not the Old Style:—Old soldiers of the Royal Marines are forbidden to walk out with recruits, or in any way associate with them. In pre-war days it was otherwise, the older men being encouraged to "chum" with the "rookies" and shape them.

Pay Them Weekly:—The lower deck men in home waters ask us to urge that they should be paid weekly, instead of monthly. The present system is not convenient for homes that exist from hand to mouth, and we gladly make the suggestion

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

"Gentlemen, The King!":—It was fitting that the Comrades and the Federation should send thanks to His Majesty the King for his appeal to employers on behalf of partially disabled men. Let us hope that our business bosses will make a generous response.

One Drunk:—A Dawlish lad who did four years in France applied for the humble job of porter on the Great Western Railway, at Cardiff. The Chief Inspector told him that he was all right for the exalted post; but afterwards he was turned down because in 1913 he had so far forgotten himself as to have imbibed one can of beer too many. This kind of thing drives the workers into Bolshevism.

The Royal Arsenal:—We have complaints from the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, that old and new soldiers are being given the sack, while fellows who never served with the Colours are kept on. What about that glib promise that England would be an improved country in which the hero who fought for us would have the first right to live?

An Eye-Opener:—A silver-badged man obtained a job as gatekeeper and night watchman with the Straker Squire Company, of Enfield. He tells us he got the sack after three months, although the management had nothing against him, and gave him a good testimonial. His story is that he was removed so that a London ex-policeman should get his job. As he is a member of the Corps of Commissionaires, who are all "first-class characters," we believe him. Was the ex-bobby a striker?

No Organisation:—About 5,000 of the staff of censors at Strand House, although underpaid, were fired on to the street without being entitled to a penny of out of work pay, because they were civil servants. This is a crying iniquity. A Treasury official told some of the members that if they had had a Trades Union they would have got all they asked for. Whitehall is sorely tempting the poor fellows to sell to the Press information which would make good reading—particularly in regard to what was known as the Department of "Information Received from a Reliable Source." Were its workings known, the world might, in the old term, be "set on fire."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

[The object of our Fund is to relieve (a) the dependents of our Soldiers and Sailors; and (b) suffering amongst the people generally, preference being given to those, directly or indirectly, affected by the War. No genuine appeal is ever refused, and although we see to it that adequate proof is presented in every case relieved, no harassing or degrading questions are put to applicants. Will you please help? We gladly defray all expenses of administration.]

One of Many:—A discharged man is unemployed and out of employment dole, whilst his wife is about to become a mother once more. The family was, therefore, in great poverty.

Very Similar:—Another discharged man has a wife who is dangerously ill. He, too, is at the end of his out-of-work pay and cannot find employment.

One More:—Another discharged man who cannot find work suffers from consumption and has a wife and four young children to support.

A Lonely Girl:—A young girl who is suffering from heart disease and cannot work, has no parents or friends.

Lost his Helpmate:—A discharged man lost his wife. She was uninsured, and left him with four children under 11 years.

For the Youngster:—A labourer has a little crippled child, who required an invalid chair. We came forward.

An Old 'un:—Another of the many old soldiers in distress was destitute, and his landlady was about to place him on the street.

"Demobbed":—One more demobilised man cannot obtain work. He has to keep himself, a delicate mother, and a young brother.

Waiting for Pension:—A discharged man is, like so many others, waiting for pension. Out of work he, with his wife and children, was starving.

Buried:—A discharged soldier lost his little boy, who died in hospital. He did not know where he could raise the burial fees until he applied to our fund.

Her Only Son:—A widow asked us for assistance. Her only help is a son, who is in the Service, and she suffers from paralysis and cannot work.

Little Strangers:—During the week a number of little strangers appeared in the homes of necessitous ex-soldiers, and we looked after their wants. In one case the husband—a casual labourer suffering from consumption—and his family were threatened with eviction owing to the rent being in arrear.

An Appeal:—We once more appeal for boots and clothing for the very poor. Already we have had a foretaste of the coming winter, which has resulted in many requests for the wherewithal to keep the distressed ones warm and dry. Unfortunately, we are "out of stock."

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(Active hostilities have ceased, but requests for help have grown in number and continue to grow. Please do your bit to assist us to meet these new demands, soldiers and sailors and their dependents having the first claim upon the Fund, though civilian sufferers are not forgotten. Every penny subscribed goes in relief, whilst the accounts in connection with the Fund are duly vouched by a leading firm of Chartered Accountants.)

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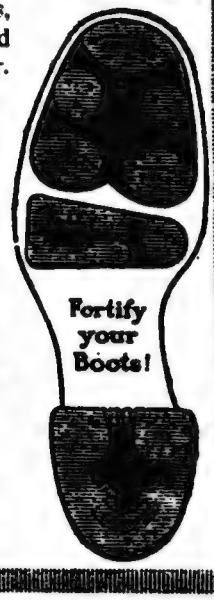
SOLES AND HEELS

make one pair of boots last the time of three.



¶ They keep feet dry in wet weather, give a smooth, pleasant tread and do not slip. Excellent for general wear by men, women and children.

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KEEP A BOX ALWAYS HANDY.

Zam-Buk, which is a concentrated form of the most valuable healing, soothing, and antiseptic properties known to medical science, is sold in sealed boxes at 1/3 and 3/-. by all chemists, or direct from The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds. Beware of imitations.

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HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2

30th JUNE, 1919.

Subscribed Capital	£35,545,323
Uncalled Capital	27,256,250
Paid-up Capital	8,289,072
Reserve Fund	8,289,072
Deposits	£371,054,660
Cash on hand and Balance at Bank of England	79,426,772
Money at Call and at Short Notice	76,068,106
Investments and Bills of Exchange	98,304,613
Advances	116,874,426
Advances on War Loans	12,249,162

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So easy to use and Such a Lather

Squeeze a little Shaving Cream on to your brush or directly on your face, and it will yield all the lather needed to beat the most stubborn beard into submission.

Williams' Shaving Cream

has never varied and never failed in its work—lather comes without effort, lather that is generous, softening and soothing, lather that leaves the skin refreshed.

Take home a tube to-night and try it to-morrow morning—let your face judge.

Williams' Shaving Preparations, Stick, Powder or Cream, can be obtained from Chemists and Hairdressers in all parts of the world.

The J. B. Williams Company
71 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

IN THE CITY.

FINANCIAL NOTES—AND ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

BY OUR CITY EDITOR.

Grand Trunks.

It is rumoured that the dispute between the Grand Trunk Railway and the Canadian Government as to the terms on which the line should be taken over, is to be submitted to arbitration. I hope this is true as it will be a tacit admission that the original offer of the authorities in Ottawa was inadequate, and the proprietors cannot fare worse than they would have done if they had been compelled to accept the Government's proposals.

West Africa Activity.

We are likely to hear a great deal about West Africa in the near future. The African Association increased their capital to ten millions, Lever Brothers to one hundred millions, of which £19,230,000 is issued. The Niger Company shares continue to be bought and a new company is likely to come out very shortly under good auspices, in order to snatch some of the huge profits which are now being made out of palm oil, cocoa and other products of the Coast.

Warnings.

Gambles are all the craze on the Stock Exchange and Latilla has taken Premier Oil and Pipe in hand, having bought the German holding from the Official Trustee. I wish him joy of this wretched concern. No one should buy the shares.

The outrageous price to which the "shop" has put Sudan Plantations has incited the gambler to buy all other kinds of Egyptian Land Companies. Most of these were floated at the height of the Egyptian Land boom and have been practically derelict for years. They are now to be revived for the benefit of those who have more money than brains.

Rubber *versus* Oil.

There is a saying in the City that the Stock Exchange cannot run two booms at the same time, and when an effort was made recently to revivify the Rubber market at a time when Oils looked like boiling over there was a good deal of speculation as to which section would come out on top. Rubber had much in its favour; but Oil has won. Probably rubber investors are "full up" and quotations are at a level more calculated to tempt selling than buying.

Omniferous Lever.

There is talk of the omniferous Lever taking hold of Brunner Mond. If this materialises it will be good to buy Castners, which share works out cheaper than Brunner Mond with which it is in combine. Apropos, the Sanitas 9 per cent. Preference looks a much better bargain than any of the Lever preference, and as the two companies work together, those who wish to be interested had much better buy Sanitas, which holds £50,000. Lever 15 per cent. preferred and in which Lever holds the whole of the ordinary shares.

Treasury Permits.

Oil shares are the feature of the House. Dealers crowd here all day long and gamble amongst themselves. Talking about oil, a queer story is going round about the way the Treasury grants permits. The official wiseacres refused a permit for new capital for a Trinidad Company, and granted one for a Maikop concern. Evidently the Treasury thinks that it is better business to pitch money away in Russia than to develop a British Colony.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All inquiries must be accompanied by a postal order for 1s., and bear the full name and address of correspondent as evidence of good faith.)

X. Y. Z. (Aberdeen).—*Wm. Harold:* Leave it alone.——T. A. (Wales).—*British Finance Co.:* Sorry I cannot help.——T. W. (Kendal).—*Whitehead Aircraft:* I see little prospect of recovering much under the reconstruction scheme. You might, however, try your luck once more by joining the Trust scheme.——A. C. (Old Trafford).—*Mitchell's Wines:* No market, and I fear the shares are utterly worthless.——F. R. G. S. (Aldershot).—*Various shares:* Not one of the shares mentioned is any good, and I do not recommend dealings with the firm named.——LEVANTIC (Menai Bridge).—*American Marconis:* It is always right to take a profit and give the next fellow a chance.——HUELVA (Lytham).—*Investments:* It is a good list, but 15 securities will be quite enough to watch—so I should cut out numbers 1, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 22, and 23.——MRS. M. D. (Peckham Rye).—*Consols:* Not the remotest chance of redemption for years to come.——MRS. S. S. (Southsea).—*Galacian Oil Lands, etc.:* Worthless, and I do not recommend dealing with *A. Macey & Co.*——MISS J. W. (Port Glasgow).—*Galician Standard Oil:* Most certainly take whatever you can get.——A. D. G. (Blaengarw).—*Consolidated Finance:* Not worth 2d. Leave *Robert Warner* and *Curtis Gardiner & Co.*, severely alone.——H. A. (Kilburn).—*Valuer's Fee:* It varies greatly according to circs.; make your terms in advance.——F. D. (Swansea).—*Straits Settlement 3½ per cent. Stock:* Perfectly good to hold; do not sell at present.——F. S. S. (Winton).—*Barranca:* Sell if you have a profit.——A. C. G. D. (Upper Higham).—*Baring Synd.:* I do not recommend it.——HORTON (Tottenham).—*Investment:* House property is very dear at present and unlikely to come down; better put the money in War Bonds.——TZANKEN (Glasgow).—*Anglo American Oil:* A subsidiary of the Standard Oil Coy., but there is not a free market in the shares here.——E. L. H. (Exmouth).—*B. A. Western:* Hold for the present.——A. R. (Leicester).—*Brit. Tobacco Assn.:* Responsible people do not go about their business in that way.——W. C. E. (South Shields).—*J. Samuda:* Went into liquidation some years ago.——MISS S. C. (Andover).—*Marsden & Son:* Only a limited market in the shares; better be content with War Bonds.

Is Your English as Effective As You Would Like it to Be?

Is Your Language as Polished, Refined, Correct, and Forceful as it Really Ought to Be?

A PROMINENT MAN, at the head of a large and popular business, wrote thus but a few days ago:—

"Although I studied the usual Courses of English in the public schools and in college, yet I am frank to say that I was largely unable to make practical use of such instruction until I studied your Course of Practical English and Mental Efficiency. The former courses gave me the tools, but it was your Course that taught me how to use them.

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His letter referred to GRENVILLE KLEISER'S PRACTICAL and SATISFYING

New Mail Course in Good English

and suggested "a more direct advertising campaign to Business Men and Women" as "of inestimable value to themselves." In making such a campaign we cannot do better than thus to quote from this man's own words. Such a testimony ought to reach with power every man who mingles with his employees in factory or office.

Mr. Kleiser's former connection with Yale University gave him good opportunity to know how men and women may be helped; how their English may be improved; how they may become better salesmen, and reap larger harvests in their chosen fields. His help to these ends is afforded in THIS COURSE IN YOUR OWN HOME.

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134, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4

INFORMATION COUPON.
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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
Dept. 276 New York.

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:: POISONS AND IMPURITIES ::

ECZEMA, NEURALGIA, ITCHING, SKIN IRRITATION, SHINGLES, ACNE, BOILS, PIMPLES, AND OTHER BLOOD TROUBLES SPEEDILY CURED.

All these troubles are due to impurities in the blood, and before a cure is possible these impurities must be removed. Now this is the business of GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT. It has been GRASSHOPPER'S business during the 50 years it has been manufactured and sold. One or two applications of GRASSHOPPER to the affected part draws the poisonous impurities out of the blood, and causes the eczema, itching, irritation, acne, and boils to speedily disappear. Besides possessing this property of drawing out pain, impurity, and inflammation, GRASSHOPPER has extraordinary healing and antiseptic virtues, which render it of especial value in treating Cuts, Stings, Burns, and Bruises. We urge all readers to obtain a box of GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT. They may not require it now, but they will later on.

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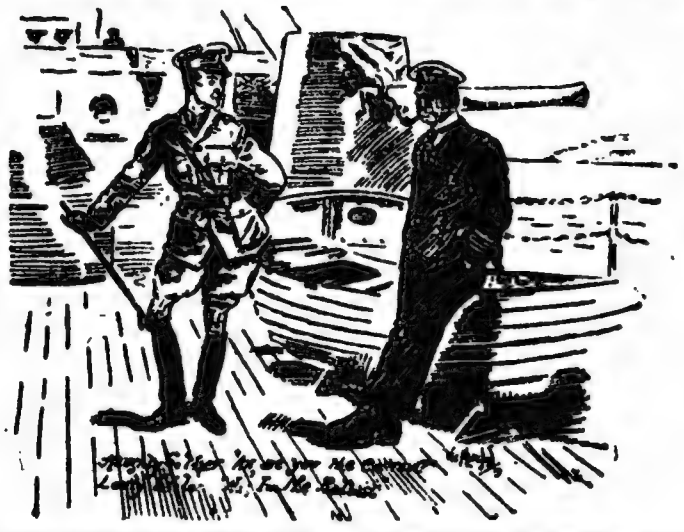

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"COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure Virginia Tobacco

10 for 5d.
50 for 2/0½

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

P.773

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

"If you see it on the lamp it is so."

You can only be sure that a lamp is as efficient as science and research can make it if you see the name Mazda on the bulb. Then you can be certain of maximum lighting service and economy.

MAZDA
ELECTRIC LAMPS.
The British Thomson-Houston Co Ltd
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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

J. T. (Kensington).—We do not admit that we are "equally to blame with other M.P.s" for the Government's weak handling of the enemy alien question. Look up our record.

G. D. (Liverpool).—Who on earth told you that we were "looking for instances of Governmental waste"? We don't need a microscope, anyway.

G. C.—We can't very well come down to your town because you say a foreman uses bad language to you, even in front of his own daughters. If their presence does not restrain him, nothing but a brickbat would do it.

"INDIGNANT WAACS" (4th Camp, A.P.O. 2, Rouen).—If all war women were like those at your Camp, there would be no need to agitate for their demobilisation; but there *are* others.

MRS. A. M. M. (Margate).—Afraid we haven't time to start a co-operative society, although we have sometimes had serious thoughts of launching out in the fried fish line.

MRS. S. (Chiswick).—Some of the results of the housing shortage are appalling. Don't tell us any more, or you'll put us off our food.

C. T. (No Address).—"I wish there were a few more like you in Parliament." But there are not, so it's no use grousing.

"PARENT" (Durham).—We are curious to know what "extremist methods" you are contemplating. Do you mean to wear a red waistcoat?

R. S. J. C. (Tiberton).—"I am taking the trouble to write to you on the milk question." Thanks. We have taken the trouble to write on the milk question 497 times.

W. W. M. M. (Earl's Court).—Our view is that nobody should emigrate to any Colony to take up land without (1) having capital, (2) practical knowledge of farming, and (3) unassailable information as to the land he intends to cultivate. The offices of the Canadian Chief Commissioner are 17, Victoria Street, S.W.

"CONSUMER" (Leicester).—"How many firms have reduced their prices on the strength of the 40 per cent. reduction in excess-profits tax?" When we hear of one we will mention it.

E. W. (Paddington).—"A brainy young man called H. B. We called him the fighter J. B. When Empire was shaking and Parliament quaking, a man for the people said we; So up and doing, and still we're not rueing, We made him a Member of P." When drinks are cheaper you can have one with us.

J. L. (Hastings).—You will notice the King's appeal to employers to give work to disabled men. Employers who won't and can ought to be disabled.

F. S. (Dewsbury).—"Are there more people die from over-eating or over-drinking?" We cannot say, but both are bad habits that you should make haste and grow out of.

"TOMMY" (Birmingham).—Many thanks for the £2 for the Hackney poor which you are good enough to send us anonymously.

E. N. (South Wales).—Thanks for explaining "the position you are placed in." Mind you don't slip.

"IMO" (London, E.).—Agreed that your experience "beats cock-fighting." Write to us again rather than risk an internal explosion.

A. B. T. (Cornwall).—Sorry to hear that "one of your most beautiful coves continues to be stigmatised with a Prussian name." The "coves" with such names in London are the reverse of good-looking.

"DISCHARGED" (Dulwich).—"The rent of three rooms is only 23 10s. a week, but they will kindly let you use the bath." Your brains would want washing if you paid 'em the money.

W. S. (W. Hampstead).—"Is it not reasonable to suppose that these huge profits gained by excessive prices is one great cause of the industrial unrest?" You have guessed it in once.

"GUNNER" (Seaforth).—"A certain Liverpool firm has had to close down a toy factory owing to the coming trade with Germany." Are you sure it is owing to something which hasn't yet happened?

B. E. F. (Germany).—Old Lady (referring to a soldier wearing a General Service ribbon): "What is that for?" Another Old Lady: "Oh, they all wear them. It's their Flag Day." We're getting on. We shall have a laugh soon.

"STERMIN" (Edinburgh).—"Miss Ada G. appears to have rendered the letters wrongly. They should read:—Y U R, Y Y U B, I C U R 2 Y Y 4 M E." Yes, that's the old and crusted version, but Ada has rung in a new one on us.

E. (Leicester).—So the Conservative Club, wanting a steward, preferred a bobby to a Tommy. Perhaps some of the members thought they had best get square with the police.

H. W. I. (Homerton, E.).—The Labour Exchange clerk had no need to be touchy because you "spoke up for yourself," as long as you didn't speak up too far.

"CONSTANT READER" (Glasgow).—"Could you give me the address of the manufacturer in Saxony who makes Melodeons?" You have come to the wrong shop.

"WAAC'S WAR BABY" (Edinburgh).—Will the young mother referred to in our paragraph under this heading send us her present address?

H. H. (Scarborough).—"Lights are still out here; cannot you tell them hostilities have ceased?" It's a saving race, the Yorkshire.

MRS. C. (Selby).—"At Scarborough we had to pay 3s. 6d. for two plain teas, consisting of bread and margarine and three penny buns, and they made us pay before eating." By walking out without paying or eating you would have saved all the trouble. And 3s. 6d.

A. M. B.—"Not for publication." Certainly not. See how great minds work in harmony of thought.

C. J. C. (Royal Oak).—Of course Mr. Herman Darewski will retain the copyright of only those songs which are chosen as winners in his Competition, the authors of the others being at liberty to do whatever they like with them.

W. B. (Eye).—We note that you favour a substantial bonus for people with nine children. What is your present number, or have you stopped counting?

"CATHERINE" (Tunbridge Wells).—"May I be allowed to thank you?" You may, and you may drink our health in the nectar of your choice.

"REGULAR READER" (Walworth).—"Three years driving army lorries in the East; everything satisfactory for job as driver for the S. E. and C. Railway, only three inches too short." Tall enough for the nation, too short for the railway. Yes, it's disgraceful.

"CITIZEN" (Carlisle).—"Detective Thomson would make the heroes of Sir A. Conan Doyle's fiction weep with anguish." To spare them grief, we will not recount his wonderful work among the bookies.

H. C. W. (Cheltenham).—30 years gardener; highest (war) wage, 25s.; now turned off without a penny on sale of estate. You say, "It's enough to make a working-man do anything." It's enough to make your late employers blush.

"DISCHARGED SOLDIERS" (Gretna).—"We are being dismissed from H. M. Factory while others are kept on simply because they belong to the factory band, which did not play its part in the war." If you had tootled the tin-whistle instead of fighting you would not suffer so unjustly.

H. H. T. (Sidcup) says the wage of £3 a month for a school caretaker at Sidcup was "fixed by the Kent Education Committee," and that "the post is for a woman." The salary remains shameful, and the foolscap sheet of "Duties," now in front of us, says nothing about a woman, was addressed and posted to a man, and invited him to apply for the job.

G. F. S. (Birmingham).—We read about the local builder who bought and pulled down five decrepit houses solely for the purpose of selling the bricks, etc. There are no flies on him.

A. V. S. (Diss, Norfolk).—It doesn't seem fair to appoint a man with a business in the town as Fuel Overseer. For such jobs preference should be given to discharged soldiers.

"TOMMY'S WIFE" (Blackpool).—Pleased to hear from you, but wish you would use ink. Trying to read your pencilled note, we cracked our best spectacles.

E. S. D. (West Bromwich).—Your letter written left-handed with a JOHN BULL Pen, is a credit to you as well as to the pen.

T. M. T. (Partick).—"I can sing every hymn or song." You can also take our breath away, make our hair stand on end, and tickle us with a feather.

F. H. J. (Bristol).—Last spasm: "This bull called 'John' that roams afar, Is full of winsome capers; Of all the journals that we know, It's best of weekly papers." We shall put the Poet Laureate on your track if you're not careful.

"TYNEMOUTH" (N. Shields).—Don't understand how the future of the W.R.A.F.s can be injured by the authorities describing their abilities as "good" and their conduct as "very good." Suppose you wish their abilities to be called magnificent and their conduct irreproachable?

MISS B. J. F. (Glasgow).—There is no green in our eye. We do not intend to give the man a free advert. in this paper by "unravelling the mystery" of an advert. he has paid for in another.

"OLD SOLDIERS' WIFE."—Sorry cannot undertake to find you "a small house or flat in London." Strange to say, several other people have asked us the same thing.

H. P. (London, N.W.).—It does not follow that a person with a knowledge of physiology "will run no risks." But he will know when he runs them, and that's something.

J. M. (South Shields).—"Fancy British soldiers having bread and fat and the German prisoners more meat than they could eat." Thank goodness, that scandal will soon be at an end.

"CAPITAL PUNISHMENT" (Leicester).—"Kindly inform me when the last woman was hung for murder in the British Isles." Being an angler, do you get these morbid thoughts by watching a fish dangling at the end of your line? Anyway, "the last woman" has not yet been hanged.

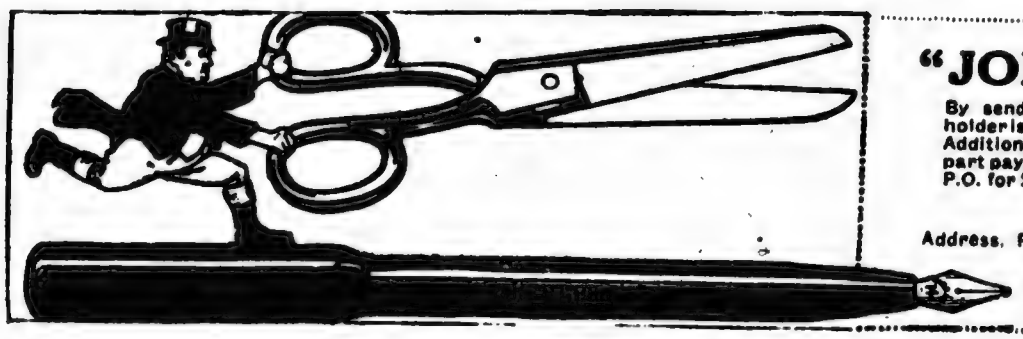
"AN ALLOTMENT HOLDER" (Manton).—"The allotments used to be 7s. He now says we must pay 12s. or give up. Perhaps a word in your valuable paper may alter his mind." If it doesn't, we must give him some of ours.

MISS K. E. F. (S.W.).—It was certainly rude of them to cut off your water without notice, but we cannot write them down as Yankees because of their "strong American accent." It may have been the effect of chewing gum.

"DEMOBILISED" (Sheerness).—Two guineas for boots for your three kiddies is a heart-breaking price, but it would not be fair to pillory one shopkeeper for the charge. For they all do it, and some are even worse.

G. (Portsmouth).—Provincial theatres have raised prices of admission, but still pay the staff as little as 10s. a week (male) and 8s. (female). Any theatre strike down your way?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)



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To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may, at first glance, seem an insult.

Such a one would answer in an off-handed sort of way: "Why, I am in Business. I am a Business man. I know all about Business, or I ought to do so."

Ay, there's the rub! He ought to do. But does he?

Let me put the same question to you. For instance, do you understand Book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance sheet? Do you understand a profit and loss account?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business, or calling? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you know how to advertise?

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Address .....
.....

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TICKETS, 5/-

A 5/- Ticket entitles the holder to one chance of winning any of the following prizes:—

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It is a great vitaliser. It builds up, through the brain, the whole nerve system. It makes work a pleasure. It

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It is free from strychnine or any poisonous ingredient. It is no quack preparation. It is made up from the prescription of a great Brain Specialist. It is

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VICTORY GENERAL SERVICE—MONS, etc. 6d. each ribbon complete on bar. Any combination made up. All Military & Naval Equipment and Requisites. Manor Emp. 400, High St. North, Manor Park, London.

GOOD SPARE TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Suits, Drapery, Watches and Jewellery for cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Commission, highest paid.—Apply Freeman, Contractors H.M. Govt., Lavender Hill, London.

BEST and CHEAPEST Wholesale Warehouse for Beginners, Remnants, Drapery, Ready-mades, Travellers Samples. Send for Catalogue free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

BOOTS.—4s. Saved. Buy Direct from our Northampton Factory. Send postcard for catalogue. Gents', Ladies' and Children's Boots.—John Emmet, Ltd., Dept. 7, Northampton.

MOTOR TUITION.—The British School of Motoring, Ltd., gives the highest standard of training in driving, mechanism and repairs for the lowest fees in England. Call or write for full particulars.—The British School of Motoring, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

HARRIS Tweed, direct from Scotland, genuine hand-made, hard-wearing, all wool tweed, direct from weaver to wearer, 11s. 6d. a yard; selected patterns post free.—A. Driver, 31, Aness, Ross-shire, N.B.

TWILIGHT SLEEP NURSING HOMES, LTD., Bushey Lodge, Teddington, Middlesex. Resident Physician. Write for booklet. Lady Secretary (Office 21).

ACCOUNTANCY.—Specialised Postal Coaching under the most highly qualified staff in U.K. Free Guide.—Metropolitan College (Dept. 31), St. Albans.

MODEL AEROPLANES.—FLY ½ mile, circular flight. Carriage paid, 4s. Dept. J.B., Bristol Model Aeroplane Depot, Eastville, Bristol.

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THE HAWKINS Electrical Guides are strongly recommended and can be had from—Edwin A. Mansfield M. I. Mech. E., Electrical Engineer, New Brighton.

WHITE ART LINEN.—For Drawn-thread Traycloths, Afternoon Teacloths, and Sideboard Covers. Pieces measure ¾ yard to 1¼ yards, 2s. 6d. bundle, postage 6d. Bargain List free.—HUTTON'S, 195, Larne, Ireland.

FISHERMEN, ANGLERS.—My 16 Fish Bait Secrets win you first-class prizes. Price 2s. 6d. the lot.—Hoult, 25a Box 19, Whitegate Drive, Blackpool.

MEDAL RIBBONS.—General Service and Victory. Pure Silk, on patent "Non Sew" bars, 1/6. Including Mons, 2/- post free. Special price for quantities.—P. Berney, 35, Oxford St., W. 1.

WEAK NERVES

My inexpensive Home Treatment quickly cures Lassitude, Depression, all NERVE, STOMACH, or HEART Weakness, Brain Fag, Self consciousness. Send 2 stamps for FREE BOOK and describe ailments. THOMAS INCH Dept (B) 71, Clarendon Road, Putney, London, S.W. 15

SOUTHEND WATERWORKS COMPANY.

Issue of Five per cent. Preference Stock.

Notice is hereby Given that the Southend Waterworks Company invite Tenders for £56,390 5% Preference Stock (being the balance of £125,000 first issue of Preference Stock) at a minimum price of £80 per £100 of Stock.

Tenders must be received not later than 12 noon on 30th September, 1919. They may be delivered at the Waterworks Office, Southend-on-Sea, or at Barclay's Bank, Ltd., 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3. from whom particulars and forms of Tender may be obtained, and also from the undersigned.

C. S. BILHAM,
Secretary & Manager.

Waterworks Office,
13, Cambridge Road,
Southend-on Sea. 1st September, 1919.

"BULLETS"

BIGGEST PRIZES £250

1ST PRIZE £250 — 2ND PRIZE £20 — 3RD PRIZE £10 — 1ST PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10	25 PRIZES OF 10s.	200 PRIZES OF 5s.	1,000 PRIZES OF 2s. 6d.	3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—LEAVING US COLD. Bullet:—GOVERNMENT PROMISES NOWADAYS. Example:—BADLY BITTEN. Bullet:—PROFITEERS BY STREET MARKETS. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Oct. 18th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 348

WASTE AND SEE	THE NEW AGE	WHAT IRELAND WANTS	WHAT SMILLIE SAYS	LOVELY WOMAN
USELESS CALLING	FOOTBALL STAR	CHEAP TOYS	LEAVING US COLD	DURING THE HONEYMOON
GOOD DIGS	WELL PLAYED	DUMPING	THE WORKING CLASSES	BADLY BITTEN
STOPPING AT NOTHING	A GOOD SHOT	THE GOODS	STAND AND DELIVER	IN SAFE KEEPING
BAD FORM	HER SECRET	THE HOME TEAM	SITTING TIGHT	SHOULDN'T BE
BOXING CHAMPION	NOT TO-DAY	STRIKER'S WIFE	PROMISING YOUNG MAN	A BIT ON

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 2nd.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(348) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 2nd.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(348) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 348 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Result of Competition No. 346 ("Bullets" £1,000 Special Offer) will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 349.

SOLTING THE DOOR	TOMMY'S BIT	STRIKE PAY	TAKING GIRL	NOW TO LET	
STANDING BY	LEADING THE ATTACK	MOST PAINFUL WHEN	GOING TO POT	HER SMILE	
HOLDING HER OWN	BECOMING UNSTUCK	LESSON IN ECONOMY	WITHOUT DISCRETION	WONDERFUL CHAP	
UNEXPECTED	THE NEW TRIBUNAL	HITTING OUT	POSTPONED	A FRESH START	

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, OCT. 9th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **349** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets," **No. 349,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty examples for competition **348.**

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

Covering all risks by Fire to HOME, LIFE and LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 8s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. **A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.** The full conditions will appear from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to ...	£200
In Case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye ...	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 Per Week

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Sept. 27, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—

JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

Sept. 27, 1919. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required

RESULT of FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 1.

A complete list will be found below of the competitors who succeeded in correctly forecasting the results of the ten matches played on September 13th. They amount to 71, and the £1,000 is divided equally amongst them. On the opposite page another £1,000 Football Prize is offered. In view of the remarkable result of the first Competition, there is every probability that this handsome Prize will again be won.

ALLEN, J. E., 42, Albion St., Radcliffe, Lancs.
ARMER, Mr., 369, Main Rd., Darnall, Sheffield.
BAUMAN, C., 176, High Rd., S. Tottenham.
BARROWMAN, F., 26, Meadows Pl., S.W.8.
BOOTH, J., Bottom Rod, Pentrick, Derbys.
BROUGH, H. W., Sawmills, Rousley, Derbys.
BROWN, J. J., 1, Grayston St., Old London Rd., Preston, Lancs.
BURROWS, G., Old Bute Cott., Pontycola, Glam.
CARTER, W. R., Maunadoote, Woldingham, Surrey.
COLEMAN, W., 2, Rustic Villas, Godstone, Surrey.
CONNON, Mrs., 156, St. James Rd., Glasgow.
COTTON, E. D., Verandah House, Yoxford, Suffolk.
CROKER, W., 12, Archibold St., Newport, Mon.
DANDO, J., The Batch, Paulton, nr. Bristol.
DAWSON, E., Castlegate, Lanark, N.B.
DODD, P., The Dingle, Winsford, Ches.
EDMONDSON, J. H., 64, Dale St., Bacup, Lancs.
EGERTON, F., H.M.S. *Warspite*, c/o G.P.O.
EVANS, A. E., 62, The Parade, Pontypridd.
FARLAY, W. J., 23, Norton Gdns., Norbury, S.W.
FINCH, G. W., 37, Furnival St., E.C.4.
FREEMAN, A. H., 19, Circular Rd., Falmouth Rd., S.E.
GOLDSMITH, O. J., Amberley, Sussex.
GOULD, Pte. G., 39913, 37th M.T. Coy., R.A.S.C., Hitchin, Herts.
GOULD, W. H., 82, Grove Rd., King's Heath, Birmingham.
GOVERLOCK, A., 358, King St., Aberdeen.
GRAY, W. J., 40, Dartmoor Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.
GREAVES, W. E., 113, Ashley St., Bilston, Staffs.
HAWKINS, A., 100, East John St., Exeter.
HILL, H., 59, Cedar St., Derby.
KERSHAW, J. S., Penwich St., Rochdale, Lancs.
LELLO, S. G., Unicorn Cott., Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury.
MCCUTCHEON, S., 17, Ravensworth Rd., Kensal Rise, W.
MCGREGOR, J., 12, Summerfield Pl., Aberdeen.
MEAKIN, W. H., 97, Walbrook Rd., Derby.
MIDDLETON, R., 68, Grosvenor Rd., Westminster, S.W.
MIDDLETON, H. J., 11, Oakhill Rd., Reigate.
MITCHELL, M., Miss, 54, Moss Side Road, Cowdenbeath.
MITCHELL, J., 26, St. Roques Lane, Dundee, N.B.
MOTT, J. A., Boars Hill, nr. Oxford.
MOORE, B. E., 19, Bank St., Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent.
MURRAY, H., 43, Amelia St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
NUNN, C., 346, Rochdale Rd., Oldham, Lancs.
O'NEIL, C., 65, New Thomas St., Pendleton.
PATTISON, F., 9, Reedham St., Peckham, S.E.
PAYNE, G., 137, Pomona Street, Sheffield.
PEARSON, H., 31, Kent St., Grimsby.
PEYERS, A., 9, Station Pde., Ealing Common.
POLLARD, S. J., 1, Merritt Flatts, Paignton, Devon.
QUARMAN, A., 72, Clarence Gate Gardens, Regent's Park, N.W.
REDFERN, T. E., Hambleton, Poulton-le-Fylde.
ROBERTS, W., 40, Elmsleigh Rd., Wandsworth, S.W.
ROBSON, J., 47, Har'e St., Gateshead-on-Tyne.
SHILDON, H. J., Finlandia, 38, Finborough Rd., S. Kensington.
SINGLETON, G., Mrs., 11, Rydal St., Earlestown, Lancs.
SMITH, G. H., Elm Ave., Keyworth.
SMITH, J. W., 2, The Grove, Currier Lane, Ashton-under-Lyne.
SPENCELEY, H. V., 57, Gillingham Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.
SQUIRE, H. L., 39, Mt. Pleasant Rd., Exeter.
STAINSBY, J., 7, Davy St., Barrow-in-Furness.
STOKES, L., Mrs., c/o 6, Blake Street, Leicester.
SWINGLER, F. W., Devonshire Rd., Nottingham.
TEMPLE, R., Sandhouse Cottage, Witley, Surrey.
THOMAS, G., 13, Exmouth St., Swindon
THOMPSON, W. H., 8, Amy's Terr., Ferries St., Hull.
TURLEY, W. T., Sunnydale, Blakeney, Glos.
WALTON, J., 27, Surbiton Hill Pk., Surbiton.
WATERS, J., 47, King's Head St., Harwich.
WEAL, S. D., 92, Lakedale Rd., Plumstead, S.E.
WILLIAMS, T. H., 9, Augusta St., Victoria, near Waunllwyd, Mon.
WILSON, J. W., 28, Auckland Hill, West Norwood, S.E.27.

£1,000

FOR AN ALL-CORRECT FOOTBALL COUPON!

£500 FOR A COUPON WITH ONE ERROR ONLY.

£100 MUST BE WON IN ANY EVENT!

Biggest Weekly Football Prizes

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches given on the coupon below. Should nobody succeed in forecasting the results of all the matches given, £500 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with only one error. In the event of neither the £1,000 nor the £500 prizes being won, the sum of £100 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. This competition is open for one week, and coupons for it can only be taken from this week's issue.

GREAT WEEKLY COMPETITION — NO ENTRANCE FEE!

ABANDONED MATCHES WILL MAKE NO DIFFERENCE.

THIS COMPETITION IS EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL" AND COUPONS DO NOT APPEAR IN ANY OTHER PAPER!

SCOTTISH AND IRISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to forecast the results of the matches, given on the coupon on this page, which will be played on Saturday, October 4th. Note the following special method of marking your coupon :—

Home Team		Away Team	Home	Away	Draw
Arsenal	v.	Blackburn Rovers	X		
Aston Villa	v.	Bradford		X	
Bradford City	v.	West Bromwich A.			X

Take the above examples—if you think Arsenal who are playing at home, will win, you must put a X in the "home" column; if you think that Bradford who are playing away, will win, you must put a X in the "away" column; if in the case of Bradford City v. West Bromwich Albion you predict a draw, put a X in the "draw" column.

This competition is quite free, no entrance fee of any kind being charged. Competitors can send as many coupons as they like. Scottish and Irish readers may compete. Abandoned matches will make no difference. A careful study of football form should be made before filling in Coupons. The "National News" gives the best and most accurate reports and forecasts every Sunday, which should prove of great assistance to intending competitors.

Read these Rules Carefully.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issue of JOHN BULL announcing this competition. Coupons must be written in ink (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed), and must be filled up in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (One Thousand Pounds) will be sent to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, £500 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with only one error. In the event of neither the £1,000 nor £500 prizes being won, the sum of £100 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with most correct results. Abandoned matches will make no difference, provided they do not exceed three in number.

(3) In the unlikely event of four or more of the matches not being played to a finish on the date given on the coupon, the £1,000 and £500 prizes will not be awarded, but the prize of £100 will be awarded to the competitor sending a coupon with most correct results.

(4) In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be divided between the successful competitors.

(5) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into nor will interviews be granted.

(6) Any coupon on which an alteration of any kind has been made will be disqualified.

(7) Our employees are debarred from entering this competition.

(8) Any coupons received later than first post October 2nd will be disqualified.

(9) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Cut out coupon neatly and address all entries as follows:—"**Football Competition, No. 4, JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.**" Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other competitions.

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

FIRST READ THIS.

If you think the Home team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a Draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." Only *one* X must be entered for each Match. Coupons *must* be written in ink.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Matches to be played Saturday, October 4th. Coupons must reach us not later than first post Thursday, October 2nd.

Home Team		Away Team	Home	Away	Draw
Arsenal	v	Blackburn Rovers			
Aston Villa	v.	Bradford			
Bradford City	v.	West Brom. Albion			
Everton	v.	Sunderland			
Manchester U.	v.	Middlesbrough			
Newcastle United	v	Liverpool			
Notts County	v.	Manchester City			
Coventry City	v	Leicester City			
Fulham	v.	Bristol City			
Huddersfield Tn.	v	Birmingham			
West Ham United	v.	Stoke			
Brighton & Hove	v	Southampton			
Cardiff City	v.	Exeter City			
Northampton	v.	Plymouth Argyle			
Southend United	v.	Brentford			
Swindon Town	v.	Gillingham			
Morton	v.	Hearts			
Ayr United	v	3rd Lanark			

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "John Bull" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

4

OVER 4,000 "BULLETS" PRIZES MUST BE WON.

See opposite page.

FOR RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 1 SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.

SULPHEAU

THERE IS HEALTH IN EVERY SPOONFUL!!

GOOD NEWS FOR BLOOD SUFFERERS. Many years of labour by an eminent Doctor have resulted in the production of "SULPHEAU" the blood purifier that brings health and vigour. It attacks the cause of blood contamination, filters out the poisonous elements and leaves the rich, pure, life-giving blood to feed and nourish the body.

You cannot cure RHEUMATISM, ABSCESSES, PIMPLES, etc., by rubbing greasy ointments on the skin—you must work through the *blood*.

"Sulpheau"

purifies the blood, opens and cleanses the pores of the skin, leaving nature to do its work upon the skin, whilst "SULPHEAU" works its magic internally.

The testimonials daily received are very gratifying—a paean from grateful, satisfied users. Your cure commences with the first dose—ease from pain, a clear complexion, and ruddy health follow. The price is 2/- and a double size bottle 3/6 with full directions. Send for a supply to-day from

The CITY LABORATORIES

1(N) Catherine Street, City Road, London, E.C.

A.K. Co.

NO DEALER NEED BE WITHOUT

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DOG, POULTRY & CAGE BIRD FOODS.

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